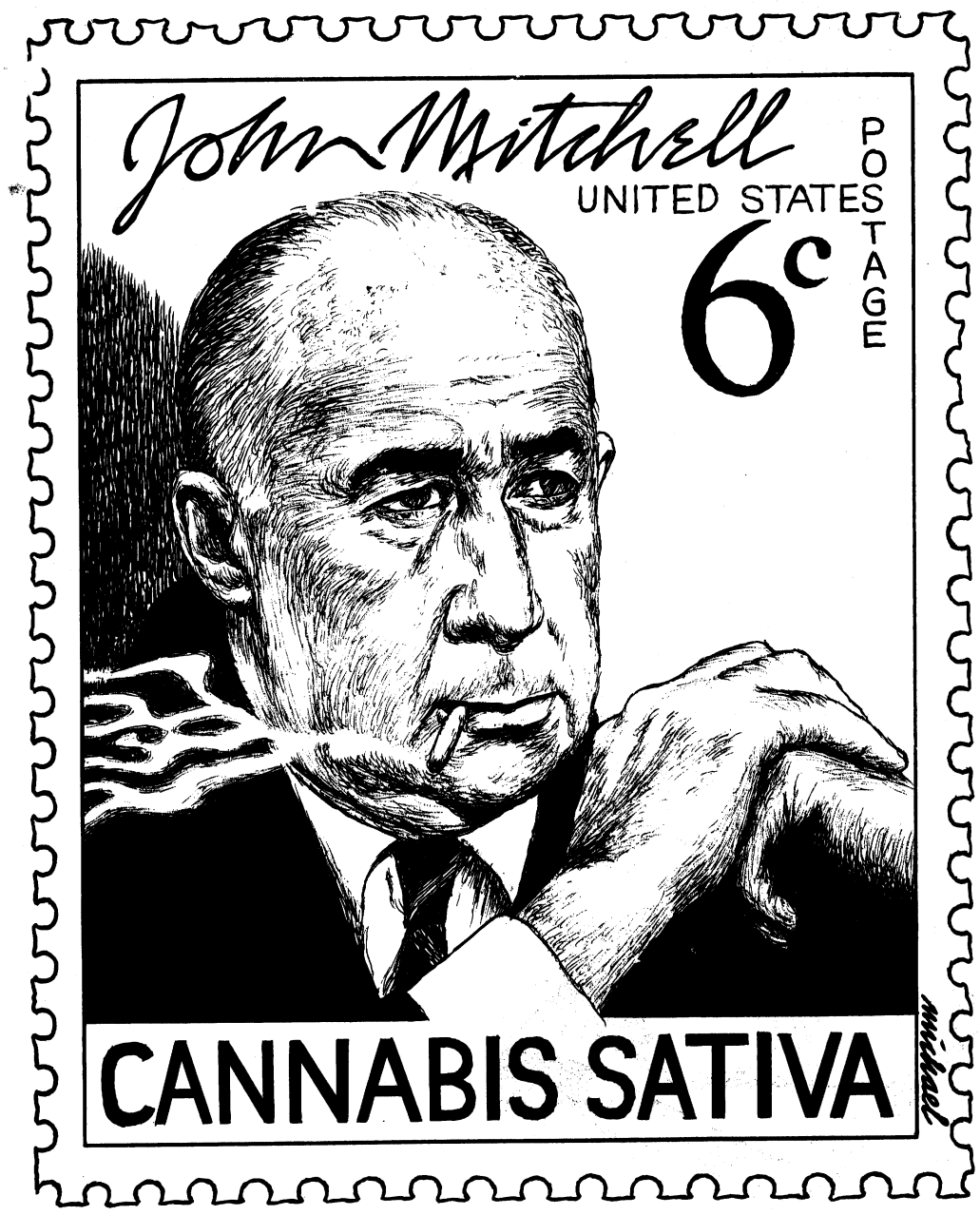
#290

October 1, 1970



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CORRECTION

Two stories in packet #287 on the Seattle Conspiracy, one on page 4, one on page 5, give an incorrect address for the Seattle Liberation Front. The correct address is: Box 1984, Seattle, Washington, 98111

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READ THIS READ THIS READ THIS READ THIS

LNS NEEDS WOMEN TO BECOME PRINTERS AND EDITORS STARTING IMMEDIATELY. WE'RE TRYING TO BECOME A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE CAN LEARN LOTS OF SKILLS SO DON'T FEEL YOU HAVE TO BE AN EXPERT. WE'LLTEACH YOU! PLEASE LET US KNOW IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO COME. FOR THE FIRST TIME AT LNS WOMEN FORM A MAJORITY OF THE STAFF. AS A COLLECTIVE, WE'RE TRYING TO STRUGGLE AGAINST MONSTERS OF ALL KINDS--RACISM, ELITISM, MALE-SUPREMACY, EDITORIAL CHAUVINISM, ETC. WE'RE TRYING TO BECOME A COLLECTIVE WITH NO BOSSES--IN NAME OR PRACTICE. WE'RE RESTRUCTURING SO THAT PEOPLE CAN GET OUT OF THE OFFICE MORE OFTEN, BUT IT'S STILL A LOT OF WORK. SALARIES FOR FULL-TIME PEOPLE ARE $35 A WEEK, PLUS COMMUNAL MEALS.

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U.S. SENDING ARMED RECONNAISSANCE TEAMS INTO CHINA

by Michael Morrow
Dispatch News Service/ LIBERATION News Service

HOUEI SAI, Laos (LNS) -- This sleepy Mekong River town is as close as a journalist with any regard for their safety can get to a secret CIA outpost which is the staging area for armed reconnaisance teams being sent by the U.S. into China.

Sources close to the CIA pinpoint the staging area at a small mountain valley airstrip called Nam Lieu (Nam Yu) fifteen minutes flying time north of Housei Sai. According to the same highly reliable sources, "there is always a team in China."

The teams are armed with American small arms, a special three pound radio with a range of four hundred miles, and other special equipment. Their missions are to tap Chinese telegraph lines, watch roads and do other types of intelligence gathering. Teams have gone as far as two hundred miles into China.

Each team is said to consist of about fifteen men, most of whom are Yao hill tribesman. Yao are used because this tribe lives in large numbers along the mountainous frontiers of Laos, Burma, Thailand and China. There are approximately two million Yao living inside China, and some of the mercenaries have family connections there. Meo and Lao Theung tribesmen are also used for similar reasons.

The teams are normally flown to a sod airstrip known as "Site 93" of "Moung Moune", about twenty kilometers north of Nam Lieu, near the Mekong River where it forms a border with Burma. Sometimes they are put down right on the banks of Mekong by helicopters. They carry instantly inflatable rubber rafts to use crossing the Mekong into Burma. From Burma they continue northwest, entering China about fifty kilometers from Site 93.

The teams from Nam Lieu are gone three to four months, maintaining contact by radio with Nam Lieu and with airplanes which fly close to the China border in order to pick up their broadcasts.

On at least one occasion an airplane has been almost shot down for straying into China. During July 1968, an Air America "porter" single-engined plane with two aboard crossed the Chinese frontier near the tri-borders of Burma, Laos and China. Parts of both wings were blown away by anti-aircraft fire, but the plane was able to limp back to base.

Several of the teams inserted into China have been captured, and some have switched allegiances, returning to Nam Lieu as counter-spies.

There has been at least one occasion when a returning team brought Chinese back with them. During 1968, five local Chinese functionaries ousted from their posts by the Cultural Revolutionin China defected to a Nam Lieu reconnaisance team. They were brought back to Nam Lieu by the team. There they were well-treated by the Americans for a time but eventually turned over to the Royal Laotian government. According to sources close to the CIA the five were thrown into the Laotian equivalent of a "tiger's cage" -- a twelve-by-twelve-by-twelve foot pit exposed to the elements and without sanitation facilities -- and eventually executed.

Like most CIA operations in Laos, the one at Man Lieu is directed from a super-secret headquarters at Udorn airbase in Northeast Thailand. There are four Americans in Nam Lieu, however, headed by a veteran clandestine mercenary organizer named Anthony Poe. In addition to activities inside China, Poe and his team also work with hill tribesman in the area, organizing "SGU" (special guerrilla units) and Thai Army which they direct at Xieng Lom south of Houei Sai on the Lao-Thai border.

Poe is an ex-Marine non-Commissioned officer, wounded in landing at Iwo Jima, who remained in Asia after World War II. In the fifties he helped organize Tibetan CIA-aided insurgents, escorted them to Colorado for training and finally went back with them into Tibet. Later he worked in the Thai-Cambodian border area with the "Khmer Blue" anti-Sihanouk forces receiving assistance from the CIA, and in other parts of Thailand with other mercenary groups for a total of five years. He has been in and out of Laos since before the Geneva Accords of 1962, and was one of the first Americans involved in arming and training hill tribe paramilitary groups in Laos.

There are reasons to believe Poe's operations at Nam Lieu is just the tip of an iceburg of U.S. activities in China and Burma. Take for example:

--Sources close to the CIA report that the CIA is working with Shan mercenary groups moving into China from northern Burma. According to the same sources, the Burmese government is getting assistance from the CIA mounting air-strikes on anti-government insurgent groups in the same area. This second operation is centered at Mandalay.

--Burmese border officials at the Thai-Burma border northwest of here claim there is permanent CIA "intelligence gathering activity" going on in Burma near the Chinese and Lao borders. "White Chinese" guerrillas (remnants of Chiang Kai Shek's army forced out of China by the communist revolution) numbering 2,000 men armed with American M-1, M-2, and M-16 rifles are also said by the Burmese to be active in the same area (Chinese Communist troops are also reported by the Burmese to be in the area.)

--Nung people originally from the mountains of the North Vietnamese and Chinese borders now living north of Saigon near the provincial town of Xuan Loc in South Vietnam, report some of their men have been recruited at high salaries to work in CIA-run mercenary bands on the North Vietnamese and Chinese frontiers. The Nungs are given 500,000 piasters (about U.S. $1500 at the free market rate of exchange) before they leave and another 500,000 if and when they come back six months later.

The people of Houei Sai know much more than they let on. Long a center of the opium trade, it has learned to hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil. Everyone from the bearded IVS

(International Voluntary Services) volunteer and the USAID refugee officer to the village restaurateur are part of the "team." Nobody here talks about Nam Lieu. Expressions of fear indicate the name of Tony Poe is taboo. It is not hard to understand why.

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MY GAY SOUL

by Gary Alinder

Gay Flames/LIBERATION News Service

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) -- A few weeks ago a gay brother and I interviewed B.J. Beckwith, a lawyer who is sort of the Terrance Hallinan for the Gay community in San Francisco -- when homosexuals are busted, a lot of people hire him to defend them.

I asked Beckwith if he was Gay (he obviously is, but that's just my slanderous opinion -- I can't prove it). He said, "If you're trying to get me to say I'm queer, I won't do it. What I do in bed is nobody's business."

I wanted to scream, "Honey, I don't care what you do in bed. I just asked if you are Gay."

I've been told the same thing by liberal homosexuals and straights alike. "What you do in bed is your business, do your thing." They are saying that Gay means SEX, nothing but sex.

Well, I am tired to the bone of being told what I am. I am Gay. Yes, yes my cock, my mouth, and my asshole is Gay. So is my fingernail, my big toe, my nose and my brain. I am not Gay because of where I put my cock or who I sleep with. I am Gay because everything about me is Gay, because I am part of a Gay community.

I was Gay long before I admitted my homosexuality to myself, long before I ever had sex, long before I knew what sex was.

When I was 10, I played paper dolls with the girls and dug it; when I had to, I played baseball with the guys and didn't dig it.

When I was 13 a gang of four to five guys tormented me -- all through junior high school. They called me a cocksucker. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was the worst thing a guy could call another guy. They called me Mrs. Alinder.

They probably had homosexual fantasies and wanted to relate to me physically and the only way they could sense to do it was to provoke me to fight them. But I didn't. I was scared shitless. There were five of them and I was alone.

I grew up on a farm in southern Minnesota and thereyou proved your masculinity in competitive athletics. I had too much self doubt to be any good in that.

In high school I earned a bit of respect through journalism, theater and art. But I was never the man I was supposed to be.

Don't get me wrong. I was not exactly a flaming faggot. I drove a tractor, plowed the fields, tossed bales of hay into the hay loft and joined the Future Farmers of America.

I went to a small liberal arts college near my home for two years. It was a parochial, superstraight middle class place, everything based on a social pecking order of fraternities and soroties. Even the lowest fratertity -- a bunch of creeps -- didn't want me. Did I have B.O.? Bad breath? No. I was hipper and in some ways more together than they were.

But I couldn't censor myself enough. My Gay self was showing through. And my Gay self was me. And every response I got from the world told me my Gay self was despicable. So I censored myself more, built higher and thicker walls around my soul and retreated deeper into my closet.

I had friends, other guys at the bottom. I was afraid to be seen on campus with them. I thought I would slip even lower. We were all Gay, but that would never be talked about, never be acted out. We were the outcasts but we were not together.

Two years later a good friend came out. At first I played straight; finally I admitted that I was Gay too. We had been friends since we were seven years old. But it was not until we were 22 or 23 that we could deal with what brought us together. Since then -- although we live far apart -- I've felt very close to that friend. We've been through a lot.

What separates me from the straight boy is not just the things we do in bed, but what our lives have been. When I meet an upfront Gay brother, I make a connection. I already know a lot about him.

I need to be together with other Gay men. We have not been together -- we've not had enough self respect for that. Isolated sex and then look for another partner. Enough of that, that's where we've been. Let's go somewhere else. Let's go somewhere where we value each other as more than just a hunk of meat.

We need to recognize one another wherever we are, start talking to each other. We need to say "Hi, brother" when we see each other on the street. We need consciousness-raising groups and communes.

Our Gay souls have nearly been stomped to death in that desert called America. If we are to bloom, we can only do it together.

I need you brother, because brother you are all I have.

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REVOLUTIONARY & FORGOTTEN WOMEN IN HISTORY

by Off Our Backs

BALTIMORE, Md. (LNS) -- Florence Howe is thinking through the idea of putting pamphlets together which would deal (in 50-100 pages) with the lives and achievements of revolutionary women and forgotten women in history. The pamphlet will be aimed at high school students and college freshmen and women. If you are interested in helping her with this project -- or with organizing a collective around it -- or with researching, writing, illustrating, and editing, or with the actual publishing, contact Florence at 5504 Greenspring Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21209.

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TO MY WORKING CLASS SISTERS
By Debby Amico
Up from Under/ Liberation News Service

We are the invisible women, the faceless women, the nameless women... the female half of the silent majority, the female half of the ugly Americans, the smallest part of the "little people." No one photographs us, no one writes about us, no one puts us on TV. No one says we are beautiful, no one says we are important, very few like to recognize that we are here.

We are the poor and workingclass white women of America, and we are cruelly and systematically ignored. All our lives we have been told, sometimes subtly, sometimes not so subtly, that we are not worth very much. This messagehas been put across to me, a white workinglcass woman, all my life.

I think the time has come to speak out against these insults, and so I have decided to write about parts of my life and my ideas. I am doing this for all my sisters who have been made to feel that they are not worth writing about, and for all those people who have to be convinced of poor white existence, those samepeople who told us that because we are white our lives are the same as those of the middle and upper class.

When I was in the second grade, we were given a sample aptitude test to accustom us to the test-taking rut that would ultimately determine whether we would be programmed toward college or a dead-end job. After we had answered several mutliple-choice questions, the teacher had us check our answers against the "right" ones. One of the questions pictured a man in a tuxedo, a man in a suit, and a man in overalls. The question read; "Which man is going to work." The "correct" answer was; the man in the suit.

I can still remember the shame that came with the realization that what went on in my home was marked "incorrect." I responded the way oppressed people often respond -- secretly hating myself and my family. I remember constantly begging my father to put on a suit -- my father who worked an average of 65 to 80 hours a week driving trucks, checking out groceries in a supermarket, and doing any number of the deadening jobs which came his way.

My mother didn't escape my judgements either. The unreal Dick, Jane and Sally world our schoolbooks presented as the "right" way of life, enforced by TV and middle-class schoolmates' homes, made me viciously attack her grammar whenever she spoke and ask her questions like: "How come you never wear dresses or get your hair done?" The world of my home gave me concrete answers: at the time my mother had three kids in diapers and another on the way, hardly a life-style that called for a well-dressed mannikin. But the middle-class world of America was bigger than my home and I was overcome by its judgements.

As I went on through school, I continued to be taught about an America that had little to do with me. The picture of American life drawn in history books was almost always a comfortable one, with the exception of wars and the Depression (hardships which the middle class participated in and thus wanted to talk about.)

Working class sisters, wake up! Black people were not the only ones left out of history books. George Washington is no relative of yours; neither is Henry Ford , or Nixon and Agnew. While George Washington was relaxing at his Mt. Vernon estate, your ancestors may have been among the two-thirds majority of white settlers who served as indentured servants for Master George and others like him. They may have been servants who were kidnapped from the slums of England and Ireland and brought here in chains to be sold to the highest bidder.

Your grandmother might have been one of the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free" who came to America and wound up in a tenement where free air never blew, working from can see to can't see, made to feel alien and ashamed of an Old World culture infinitely more alive and colorful than the drab puritan "Mr. Clean" ways of America. I have listened to the old folks in my family talk about how they "came over," and how they survived, the first Italians in an all-Irish neighborhood. That is my history.

While Mr. Pullman was amassing his fortune, our people were fighting and dying for the rights of working men and women, our people were being shot and beaten for what they believed. I was not taught this in school but learned it later on my own. In high school I continued to learn middle-class ways. I spent years learning to talk like them, eat like them , look like them. I learned a language that had little to do with my life or the lives of my family and fellow workers.

At the same time that books were deluging me with middleclass culture, I began to feel the pinch of unworthiness, in other ways. I attended a parochial high school for one year which was upper middle class dominated. If your family had no influential friends to take out $50 ads in the yearbook, you were punished -- shame on you! they said, for your failure to measure up in America, shame on you because you haven't made it in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

During my high school years I entered the great rat race of women who were dedicated to snagging any and all men considered desirable. I was again led by middle class values, and so I rejected the knit-shirted, "greasy"-haired dark-skinned Italians I grew up with and made a mad dash for the Brylcreem man. All the while, of course, feeling I could never get him, because I wasn't the girl in the Brylcreem commercial. I read all the middle-class fashion and glamour magazines and tried to look like the people who were able to look that way because of a life style that included a closet full of clothes I couldn't afford and a leisurely existence that allowed them to look cool and unruffled all the time.

And there I was working in a luncheonette -- so shabby I never mentioned it to anyone -- for lousy $6.00 a Saturday that I immediately spent in vain efforts to make myself look "acceptable." During the day I gossiped condescendingly about the way people dressed, playing at being the glorious magazine girl, and at night I sulked off to the phone company to be bitten by cord lice and told all night that I was either very slow or innately stupid.

(cont. on next page)

And people, in social and job situations, have been saying that ever since. In social situations it is said as I sit quietly by and watch well-dressed,slick, confident women of the upper classes, America's idea of beauty, steal the eyes, applause and image of woman away from me. It is said in many ways on the job: at my last job I was mimeographer at a school, a "liberal progressive" school at that. I once spoke up at a staff meeting and the first remark to follow the stunned silence was "Why doesn't someone put her on the faculty?"

Yes, put me among the educated middle class because you absolutely can't deal with a worker who thinks and has ideas. After I mentioned this I was told it was a compliment, and that I should be grateful! Grateful that they thought I was as good as them. At the same school I was once asked, "Are you the switchboard?" Naturally-- since we are looked on as extensions of the machines we operate, not as human beings.

What all this has done is to create in us a deep,deep sense of unworthiness, a sense so deep it dooms us. I have a thirteen year old friend who is well on the way to life either in prison or on heroin. We, as a people, have nothing that says to him, "You shouldn't ruin your life. You're a good, worth-while person." If or when he does go to jail, there will be no Black Muslims to tell him he is a worthwhile person just because of what he is. No one will be there to give him the respect and support of an alternate culture that respects what he is. That is what the judgement of middle class America has done to us.

Why has this happened to us? It has happened because we believed in the American dream, in the dream that anyone can be anything if he only tries, works hard, and if he doesn't make it it's only because something about him is rotten. Since we don't have much to begin with, we're made to feel we don't deserve much. And we believe it -- even thoughthe truth of our lives tells us that we have worked, and damned hard, but we still didn't have the kinds of lives we read about and saw on TV.

And America has kept us out of magazines and off TV because our faces and voices are full of this truth. We have hated black people, but we have hated ourselves more. By believing black people to be inferior, we have kept the truth about ourselves from each other --that the people who have the power and money in America never intend to raise our incomes or those of black people, not because we aren't worthy, but becauseit would cut into their profits to do so.

We believed black people were so inferior that they weren't supposed to make it -- we believed we were superior and could make it -- but we never did and we blame ourselves. As white people who haven't made it, we are the living proof of the American lie and we hate ourselves for it.

What can we do about all this? As poor and workingclass women, we can start asking ourselves what is wrong with America and stop asking what is wrong with ourselves. In a culture where women are often judged by beauty alone, standards of beauty do not fit us. We, as ourselves, as we go to work or wash dishes, we, in our daily lives, are never called beautiful. Black women have told themselves that they are beautiful in their natural lives, and we need to do the same for ourselves.

We must begin to see ourselves as beautiful in our ability to work, to endure, in our plain honest lives, and we must stop aspiring to a false eyelash existence that is not and has never been for us. We are not the women in Vogue, Glamour or As the World Turns, nor should be want to be. We are the women who have dealt all our lives with the truths and tragedies of real life, because we have never had the option of the armchair-beautiful-people existence. We are the people who have no maids or therapists to dump our troubles on. We know what it is to work hard and we are not guilty of wearing silks while others wear rags.

We should never admire the women in Vogue, because there is something undeniably ugly about women who wear minks while others can't afford shoes -- and no amount of $20 an ounce make-up can hide that brand of ugliness.

We must start learning that other people have been victims of this middle class culture aping the rich. Black and Puerto Rican, Mexican and Indian, Chinese and Japanese people have had their true history concealed amd their faces scorned by TV and magazines. We must see that those who share the hardships we share are not the white middle and upper classes, but the black and brown people who work at our sides.

As white working class and poor people we must begin to be proud of ourselves, our histories ,and each other; we must unite and support ourselves as a people. Once we respect ourselves, we will find it necessary to struggle with a society and with jobs which tell us we are worthless. In that struggle we will learn that the anger of black and brown people which we have feared for so long has the same direction as our anger, that their enemies are our enemies, and their fight our fight.

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"SOMEBODY IS PAYING SOMEBODY OFF"
STREET PEDDLERS COME TOGETHER

(Editor's note: Street peddlers are at the mercy of cops, who can harass and arrest them at will. Unless, that is, the peddlers work for corporations like Good Humor or Sabrett Hotdogs. In New York recently, street peddlers got together to demonstrate against police harassment. Gathering on the sidewalk were peddlers who can do no other work for a living, as well as peddlers who choose peddling as an "alternative" to straight jobs.)

NEW YORK CITY (LNS) -- "The cops took my husband away from his vegetable stand and put him in jail. A 73-year-old man who don't see too good and they put him in jail!" A woman shook her fist at a young reporter. "Then I try to sell the vegetables because I have to have money to eat and the cops arrest me too. That's New York's finest for you! Bah!"

Behind the woman and the reporter, about 30 women and men, young and old, marched on the sidewalk.

Their signs read "Peddler Power" "Allow Us to Work" and "The Streets Belong to the People."

"Cops treat us like scum, like lepers or something," said one woman angrily. "They have no reason to arrest us. We have licenses. They threaten us and call us names. A few days ago I was standing with my jewelry board on a street that is legal to sell on and they still arrested me! And my daughter too!"

When asked if she would continue to be a street peddler, she said: "Yes. I don't have enough money to buy a store, none of us do. Besides I like making jewelry and people are so friendly, much less uptight thant they are in stores. It's the storekeepers who cheat people, not us!"

"It's not just all the fault of individual cops. It's the whole political and economic system," said one peddler, who has been making and selling flutes since the spring. "Being a peddler is a very nice way to live. Maybe that's why it's so low on the respectability scale. We have to work hard but you're doing what you want and nobody is telling you what to do. Peddlers are individualists. I guess that's why there are so few of us here today."

"Are all peddlers harassed?" someone asked him. "No, sometimes you see a peddler sit on a corner day after day. They're usually the ones who work for the big companies. You use your common sense and you realize somebody is paying somebody off. Like maybe Sabrett Hotdogs contribute to the Policemen's Benevolent Association. Arrests are arbitrary. Last week the cops only arrested cripples."

Eugene Grogan who is blind in one eye and sells combs on Wall Street gestured furiously at a cameraman. "Welfare! What's welfare? Two dollars a day. Put the cops on welfare! Or put them in jail for a while. Then maybe they wouldn't arrest so many people like us!"

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"SCHOOL CAN'T TAKE MORE SMART GIRLS:"

THE A.P. TELLS IT VERY STRAIGHT

Liberation News Service

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) -- The following is a verbatim Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco, September 18:

"The city school district has adppted a deliberate policy of discrimination against girls.

"From-now on, girls who want to attend Lowell High School, which caters to the district's top scholars, must have a 3.25 grade point average. Boys must have 3.0

"Until this year, the 3.0 average applied to both boys and girls. The change was adopted, said Ralph Kauer, assistant superintendent of the district, to keep girls from overrunning Lowell. The school was running out of locker space in the girls' gymnasium dressing room.

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BOYCOTT LETTUCE, PUREX PRODUCTS:

FARM WORKERS UNION STRIKES AGAIN

NEW YORK, N.Y. (LNS) -- The United Farm Workers' Organizing Committee is calling for a nation-wide boycott of all "Purex" products.

Purex is a conglomerate company that owns lettuce fields in several western states, and refuses to negotiate with the union, led by Cesar Chavez. Chavez led Arizona and California grape pickers to victory over the growers due in large part to an extremely effective consumer boycott.

Farm workers in America, predominantly Spanish-American (Chicano, Mexican, Mexican-American and Puerto Rican), are categorically excluded from the benefits of legislation that is supposed to protect most other workers.

Purex owns more than lettuce fields, making it easier to mount a more intense boycott campaign. Purex bleach, Brillo soap pads, Brillo detergent, Dutch Cleanser, Beads-o-Bleach, Sweetheart soap, Trend, Brion Enzyme Pre-Soak, Fresh Pict produce, Cuticora, Doan's Pills, Vano starch, 4-in-1 Fabric finish, Ays appetite depressant, Pursettes, Ferry Morse seeds, Sheer Magic Make-up and Magic Touch are all consumer products manufactured by Purex. Boycott them!

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U.S. TRAINS PORTUGUESE SOLDIERS
TO COMBAT AFRICAN LIBERATION STRUGGLES

Canadian University Press

STOCKHOLM (LNS) -- Six lieutenants who deserted from the Portuguese Army said they had been trained in West Germany by United States Army guerrilla warfare experts for action in Portuguese colonies in Africa.

The six, who are seeking political asylum in Sweden, said they deserted and came here after they were assigned to counter-insurgency work in Guinea and Mozambique, both Portuguese colonies in Africa where considerable amountsof territory are already liberated areas, controlled by anti-colonialist forces.

Lt. Constantine Azenha Lucas affirmed that many Portuguese soldiers are sent directly to West Germany from Portugal for anti-guerrilla training before being shipped to Africa. He explained that the officers who deserted to Sweden had been trained as military engineers, but were transferred to combat posts after they requested to leave the Portuguese armed forces for political reasons.

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THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT : A STEP BACKWARDS

It Aint Me Babe/ LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: The Equal Rights Amendment, long an issue of controversy in the women's movement, was passed August 10, 1970. The following article explains why the amendment does not benefit women.)

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- Decent labor standards, long taken for granted, are now under attack and in danger of being destroyed. A tremendous increase in exploitation and misery for the majority of women workers is already developing. In the Antioch, Ca., paper mills of Fibreboard Corporation, members of Women Inc. (a women's caucus of the independent union, the Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers) have been made to work double shifts (16 hours) without time and a half overtime pay; to lift 150 pounds per minute in three lifts of 50 pounds each off a moveable belt; and in one mill, have had their lunch hours eliminated. Instead, they get three ten-minute breaks staggered across the day during which they eat, and go to the bathroom -- which cannot be done at any other time. And this is being done in the name of "equality".

Bell Telephone and Fibreboard have posted notices in their plants that the protective laws for women are invalid due to Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 which calls for no sex discrimination in employment and equality on the job.

There is another Federal law passed which will reinforce Title VII -- the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution. The federal attorney general has given his interpretation of the Equal Rights Amendment -- passage of it means immediate suspension of all protective laws.

What are the state protective laws? In approximately 26 states there are laws to protect from hazard, exploitation, unsafe and unsanitary work conditions. They provide for adequate space, light, ventilation free from poisonous fumes or substances, rest room facilities, water, cleanliness and health and safety measures, hour limits, minimum wages, premium pay for overtime, lunch hours, rest periods, lifting restrictions, no child labor, and so on. They were passed 60 years ago and, while only covering women and children, have nonetheless tended to affect and improve working conditions for men, too.

(Not all working women are covered by protective laws. For instance, domestic workers and agricultural workers -- predominantly third world women -- have no protection.)

At the three-day national conference of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington, D.C., on June 11-13, support for the ERA was pushed. However, the working women there caucused; a majority was polled in opposition to passage; a number of them, along with other allies, issued a minority report disagreeing with the actions of the conference. It objects to the way the conference pushed support for the ERA without adequate discussion by working women. The minority report also called for including language in the amendment that clearly stated that "existing labor standards would not be destroyed." It objected that the conference, whose purpose was to establish priorities, goals and standards for working women invited predominantly business and professional and college-educated women who would hardly be affected by the destruction of the laws.

Those women consistently stated that they were in favor of extending the protective laws to the entire work force. Yet each time they were asked to include this in the Amendment, they refused, claiming that it could only be interpreted that way anyhow and wouldn't pass at all if any additions were made.

Laws are not passed in a vacuum. The conditions we are living under are recession and a contracting labor market. There are not enough jobs to go around and many people fighting for those available. Unemployment nationally is 5% and in the state of California, which has more working women than any other state, 5.9%. Under these conditions people will give up rights in order to give up a job.

Employers supported the protective laws because they had to give decent working conditions to attract labor and wanted to insure that their competitiors had to pay, too. Now, in a contracting labor market, they all call for suspension of the laws. They attack women whom they consider the weakest sector of the working class.

The position taken by the Women's Bureau at the June conference is a significant reversal of their previous position. For the last 40 years, they have refused to support the Equal Rights Amendment because of its threats to the protective laws. Now they have reversed themselves. Nixon personally has endorsed the ERA and his task force on the status of women has called for ERA support.

All of the support being given emphasizes that there must be "no crippling amendments." However if real equality is to be achieved, it must be based on increasing economic equality. The effect of the passage of the ERA as it now stands means suspension of protection from economic exploitation and greater real inequality.

Since the June conference further reports indicate the importance (and the interpretation) of the ERA to the capitalist class and their admonistration in Washington. Dorothy Glidden, Women's Liberaiton speaker over Pacifica Radio in LA, reports a statement by a lawyer of the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission that his agency is pushing for the passage of the ERA to mean immediate suspension of state protection laws. Marge Hart, vice-president of Women Incorporated, was called by the president of her union from the State of Washington. He said the governor had issued guidelines that in case of conflict he would consider the state protective laws invalid in favor of the federal laws (Title VII and the proposed ERA). The state of Oregon has taken a similar position.

Meanwhile in Chicago, the Illinois Bell Telephone Co., the state's largest employer of women (22,000) and the Caterpillar Tractor Company challenged a state law that companies claim bars them frpm assigning women to overtime work, and thus discriminates against females. They claim a comflict between the state laws and the Federal Civil Rights Act forbidding

more.....

discrimination because of sex.

Illinois Bell said the Illinois law was proving to be a costly one for employers in many cases where it would be more economical to pay women for overtime rather than hire additional workers. Acompany spokesman also said the suits in no way reflected the pressure from women's rights groups. Those statements are key to the whole struggle nationally.

The fact is, a tremendous increase of profit is gained through overtime work. If is much cheaper to work one person 16 hours (if one does not consider the physiological cost to the individual) rather than hire two persons. The company doesn't have to pay additional fringe benefits such as vacations, holidays, medical costs and pensions. Overtime permits the usage of plant and facilities with out increased rent and with lower overhead costs and quicker amortization of machines (an important element in capital turnover). These profits will be made on the basis of increased economic exploitation of women workers, especially through the extension of the working day without the right to refuse work overtime under threat of job loss.

This in turn will have the effect of maintaining and increasing all the forms of sexual discrimination and inequality -- the exact opposite of what NOW women claim is intended by the ERA. This interpretation of the Civil Rights Act will be reinforced by passage of the ERA unless it is amended to clearly state that "existing labor standards will not be destroyed."

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THIS IS THE RADICAL MEDIA BULLETIN BOARD --RMBB

From: Fran Harris, 2408 Willamette, Eugene, Oregon, 97405

Dear LNS:

Don't despair --soon we in Eugene will be able to pay money for your services! We are starting a newspaper for the U. of Oregon campus called the Fighting Red Duck, and will try to send some money each month. It may take a while to pay back bills but we'll try.

News items from here we will send soon -- coverage of the Poor People's Conference, a statewide conference to be held Sept 19-20, controlled by radicals in the area. Some workshops are: Racism, Draft, How to gain political power. The response to leafleting for the conference at welfare and surplus food agencies by the people has been fantastic.

Also we might be able to send some good graphics later on. We have a fantastic artist who will be back in the area soon.

All power to the people.

From: The Sea Turtle and the Shark, Universal Life Church, Inc. P.O. Box 3783, El Paso, Texas 79923. Tel. (915) 566 1470

Sisters and Brothers:

The Sea Turtle and the Shark is a new paper -- the first street paper in El Paso. The level of awareness here is very low. There is little organization or action by any cause (except maybe the John Birchers). We need information from all over on many things. We'd like to exchange with any who are willing. If you have old issues or extra literature please send us whatever -- if free. If not free please send a list and prices of what's available.

Our paper,as of now, plans to come out twice a month starting October. If you'd like to share please send us your thing -- and tell us on what basis you'd like to exchange.

Many thanks, S.T. & S. Commune

P.S. Especially info on Women's Lib

From: Oleo Strut, 101 Avenue D, Kileen, Tex. 76541

The Oleo Strut coffeehouse in Killeen is in desperate need of funds. If anyone has a mailing list of people living in the Southwest who might be interested in contributing money to keep the coffeehouse alive, please send it right away.

From: Stockton Silver Hammer, P.O. Box 794, Stockton, California, 95201

An open letter to LNS:

Stockton is a small city, dependent upon agri business: the belly of the beast. From this perspective and from our other contacts (Berkeley and the Bay Area quite a bit; Portland and other West Coast scenes less) we view LNS in a manner I have not heard before nor seen in print.

The East Coast is a much different scene than the West coast. Both the actual situations (environment,bureaucracy, cancer of the beast) and the levels of political awareness differ immensely. It appears that a manner of living is tolerated that, were it on the west coast, we would simply begin war over. The impression is that the life in urban East Coast is super-fucked with absolutely no reasonable recourses offered by the system: you can't use the system to destroy itself. Coupled with this is a mass of Amerikans who have the freaks both vastly outnumbered and out-organized. The situation and reaction to it appears to be similar to what Regis Debray describes as armed self-defense. Obviously this is very impressionistic and the analogy has immense limitations.

The West Coast has pockets where actual power is held. But these centers act more as focos: they are relatively safe areas and the fight can be taken out of them into others. Political organization and cultural proliferation are concomitant occurrences. Berkeley in this respect is unequalled. Community control of the pigs and the freak business sub-culture and prime examples.

Such diverse situations (in many ways they are theobverse of one another) cause differing reactions. The East has fallen into ideology and rhetoric to an incredible degree, to the point that one's view of realityis blurred. This shows up in LNS packets. Journalistieally the packets suffer immensely. To the point of nearly obviating their value both as the carrier of news and as a unifying link in the movement.

The prime examples are the black and white pictures, such as that of North and South Korea; the interpretation of events in terms that do not reatly reflect the situations, such as worker-student unity; and the grand majority of the women's lib articles. For instance in packet #283: "As long as women do not accept as a real alternative, as a personal possibility, the end of sexual relationships with men, that power is strengthened and we are trapped in negativism."

The West Coast deals in the particular issues more. I could be gaining this impression because I read West Coast papers much more than East Coast papers. I have in mind particularly the San-Diego Street Journal and the Berkeley Tribe (we have some papers that are more generalized and more ideological as well.)

We, the papers, have been remiss in speaking out. Other papers have personally told me they also see LNS as too ideological.

What to do?

What is good about LNS is the hard news. The short shit is usually denser and more informative than the longer stuff. News-related graphics, paricularly some of the photos, are useful. What is fucked are many of the cartoons (they remind me of 1930 Russian painting?): nearly all of the women's lib shit (the facts on wage discrimination in packet #276 was really good; it was evidence, not a personal opinion.)

LNS needs seasoned correspondents with lots of money and teletype or phone connections to NYC which needs to have etc. But the bread isn't there. So the newspapers do this work for LNS. But LNS must pick it up and render it into a form useful for the rest of the undergrounds. This system is not working well now. (A good bet is that freak papers are not doing a great deal of good coverage. But each paper must handle that.) Possibly LNS staffers ought to tour some of this hinterland papers and communities.

At the very least, a dialogue ought to begin now, for our mutual benefit.

Venceremos,
David Wellenbrook

From an LNS woman:

When "women's liberation articles" are written by women speaking out of their real oppression, that is evidence. Your notion that "personal opinion" is irrelevant or is not "objective" is wrong for at least two reasons: 1) there is no objectivity in journalism. All news is opinionated. Theimportant thing about the underground press is that we are upfront with our 'slant' whereas the straight press is not. 2) When the woman wrote the sentence you quoted above, she was expressing a very real feeling. Many women agree with her. That you do not like her feeling in no way discredits it.

Wage discrimination is a blatant and codified form of oppression, but women also suffer from psychological, social and mental forms of oppression which are qually as damaging. That you refer to women's liberation material as "women's lib shit" shows that the Silver Hammer has a long way to go in combatting its own sexism.

From LNS: The dialogue which began in this RMBB in the preceding column is a crucial one -- what should LNS be and do, how our movement should deal with sexism, etc. Please send us your ideas on these problems so they can circulate to the rest of the country through the RMBB.

From Chinook, 1458 Pennsylvania, Denver Colo, 80203:

Dear paperpeople everywhere:

the post office here is oftentimes shitty about forwarding 3rd class and bulkrate material, so the only way we can be sure to receive exchanges is for all of you to send your papers to the above address. also we have not received exchanges from many of the papers that we have been sending to for more than a year now (evo and kaleidoscope come to mind first; there are all too many others); how the hell are we going to keep in touch if we don't honor exchanges...? (now, we try to send to anyone who sends us a paper; if we have been fucking up with your exchange, or are mailing to an obsolete address, etc. please let us know.)

all power out the window

[(?)...lns typist]

From: Committee of Returned Volunteers, 840 West Oakdale, Chicago Ill 60657, tel (312) 477-4430

Dear comrades,

We would appreciate your informing people of our change of address (above). We have republished our popular pamphlets VOLUNTEER? and ABOLISH THE PEACE CORPS which areavailable at 50¢ each, bulk rates to the sisters and brothers.

solidarity, crv

From: Milwaukee Kaleidoscope, Box 5457, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Dear LNS:

Please STOP STOP STOP single-spacing your copy. You may be able to save on paper, but we sure are messing up. Not onlydoes one lose your place if you happen to look up from the copy, but it's also very easy to retype lines which aren't found sometimes until after copy is pasted up.

THANK YOU and looking forward to DOUBLE-SPACED COPY.. Yours in struggle, Janis Wisniewski,
John Kois

From: New Nation, c/o Plain Dealer, 611 S. 2nd Street, Philadelphia Pa.

The YIP/White Panther workshop was conducted during the Revolutionary People's Convention and a decision was reached regarding an information center. Basically this center would be a clearinghouse for data. Information from different collectives would be gathered and mailed to other collectives. Philadelphia willbe the regional information office for the N.E. region. Any interested collectives are asked to mail information concerning their activities to the above address.

MORE RMBB ON THE NEXT PAGE

From: The East Coast Media Conference International Commitee:

On September 25-27, media groups from the East Coast met at Fellowship Farm near Philadelphia to discuss and begin to solve the problems of theunderground press. Workshops were held on racism, sexism, the structure of staffs, internationalism, ham radio, the Middle East, and communication between media groups. At the workshop on internationalism, we discussed a proposed trip to North Vietnam for people involved in the underground press.

That discussion raised many serious questions about the purposes of such trips, and the way similar trips to socialist and non-socialist countries have been organized in the past. The arguments in favor of such trips were: a trip to Vietnam, e.g., would greatly increase the internationalist consciousness of our movement, bringing a sense of victory, struggle and revolutionary joy which the Vietnamese personify back home. Brothers and sisters opposed to the trip argued that money, time and energies could be better spent working on projects more directly related to our tasks here, such as raising bail for prisoners of war, setting up new publications and establishing health-care centers.

Over the past few months a number of people have visited North Vietnam, Cuba, North Korea, and other countries as part of delegations "representative" of the North American movement. However, the selection procedures for these trips have been by and large elitist and arbitrary. Our task now is to prevent such injustices which undermine the value of any trip to a socialist country from occurring again. New selection criteria which reflect the democratic nature of our struggles should be used to determine who goes and who remains behind. For examples, brothers and sisters who have visited socialist countries in the past should not be part of the delegations, giving the chance to others to broaden their understanding of the world revolution.

How do we decide whether this trip should take place? It was apparent to us that the group assembled at the farm was not representative of the feelings of the East Coast underground press since a large number of papers were not even present. Therefore we could not decide a question of such vital importance to everyone.

We asked ourselves why some paper staffs had failed to send representatives to the conference, and we decided that the basic difficulty was "lack of communication." The conference was poorly organized. There was little opportunity for groups to feel a part of the decision making process because there was no structure to implement suggestions and criticisms. Many papers did not hear about the conference until the last minute. Also more time should have been scheduled for relaxation -- too many people were off on their own trips.

Out of last weekend's conference we elected a committee of three women and two men from various papers and magazines to plan another Eastern Regional Conference, since everyone agreed that one newspaper alone should not be responsible for organizing a conference like this one. Members of the committee wrote this message for the RMBB, and we will dissolve as a committee immediately after the next conference ,which we are hoping to have in November (perhaps in Washington directly after the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention). We understand that 3 other regional conferences will happen around the country in the next six weeks, and we urge people to attend and to discuss this question of the planning of trips. If possible it would be good to choose two representatives to go on the Hanoi trip, and a committee could do some of the same things we're doing, i.e., report on what happened at the regional conferences and serve as an interim "International Commitee" with direct communication from Hanoi. They could begin to explore fundraising possibilities... round-trip fare to Hanoi is $1700, and group rates (lower) maybe available --provided that we link up with the Third World and Women's trips so that we would have a larger group.

We hope that women, gay people and people from small papers will attend the regional conferences. They should have representation on the committees and be among those chosen to go to Vietnam.

Hopefully at the conferences in Nivember we can decide on better ways than interim committees to coordinate and organize our work.

If you have any questions, suggestions for workshops or other agenda items, or would like to becomepart of the Eastern Regional planning committee, write or call (please not collect) to:

The Conference Committee:
c/o the Rat
241 East 14th Street
NY NY 10003
[212] 228 4460

Following are excerpts from a statement about elitism and international trips that was prepared by the Committee of Returned Volunteers; the full statement is available from CRV at 840 W. Oakdale, Chicago, Ill. 60657.

An opportunity to exchange ideas and information with the Indochinese, such as the August 1970 conference in Cuba, is extremely important to us. These contacts strengthen our feelings of responsibility and solidarity with the Indochinese, develop our ability to interpret their struggle,, to others, and make us more aware of them as living and fighting people. Such meetings help us to evaluate and counter U.S. propaganda, and to resist the government's attempts to coopt the anti-war movement. We strongly identify with their struggle against the common enemy. However, the elitist way in which these conferences have been organized has seriously undermined their value both to the Indochinese and to the U.S. movement.

RMBB DISCUSSION OF INTERNATIONAL TRIPS AND ELITISM IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

RUBEN SALAZAR WAS MURDERED: EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT
by LA RAZA/LIBERATION News Service

LOS ANGELES (LNS) -- The Los Angeles Police Department and the Los Angeles Times, along with the rest of the straight press, claim that the death of the Time's Chicano columnist Ruben Salazar, killed during the Aug. 29 LA police riot, was an "unfortunate accident." In the face of massive Chicano outrage, the Los Angeles courts have begun hearings to investigate Salazar's death, but the testimony has so-far been restricted to so-called Chicano violence -- "riotings, lootings, and attacks on police."

In fact, it was the police who were bruatally violent that late summer day, when, without warning, they attacked the massive, peaceful Chicano Moratorium rally which followed the largest anti-war march ever held in Los Angeles. Thousands were gassed, many were jailed, and three people, including Salazar, were killed.

At the time of his murder, Salazar was reportedly working on a story about the Los Angeles sheriff's office and the LA police, in order to discover why six Chicanos have died in LA jails this year. Salazar was an award winning columnist who had covered the Vietnam War and the Dominican Republic. He visited Cuba in 1968 and had been head of the Mexican bureau of the LA Times. Salazar became news director for TV station KMEX, and just before his death began a popular weekly column which supported the Chicano movement.

Salazar, who was relaxing over a drink in the Silver Dollar Cafe at the moment of his death, was killed by a tear gas bullet ten inches long. According to the police themselves, such a bullet is never supposed to be used in crowd control, but only against known barricaded criminals. It can go through a one-inch board at a distance of 100 yards. But it was fired from fifteen feet.

The eyewitness account of the shooting which follows was written by photographer Raul Ruiz whose photos were published in the establishment press. (His story was rejected as too hot to handle.)

* * *

Ruben Salazar was murdered by deputies of the Los Angeles County Sheriffs Department.

I witnessed that murder.

I was standing directly across the street from the Silver Dollar Cafe on Whittier Blvd. I observed four deputies approach the Silver Dollar Cafe with weapons drawn. Three of the deputies carried hand guns and one carried a shotgun. All were aiming their weapons in the direction of the Cafe.

Six people were standing in the immediate vicinity of the doorway of the cafe. There were men and women. Three men were actually standing in the doorway itself.

As the officers approached, one of the women went up to the deputy with the shotgun, apparently imploring that he put down his weapon. The officer brushed her away and turned and leveled his shotgun at the men in the doorway.

He ordered them back into the bar. The men offered no resistance. One had his hands raised. They complied. They went back into the bar.

By this time other deputies had approached the area. One of the deputies, carrying a tear gas rifle, approached the doorway of the cafe. He conferred with the other deputies and then aimed the rifle at the doorway and fired a tear gas shell.

This man gave no warning of any kind before he fired his rifle.

The deputies then waited for a few minutes with guns drawn, apparently waiting for the people inside the cafe to come out. The deputies simply waited.

Nobody came out.

The officers waited for a few minutes, but apparently decided that the people inside the cafe were not going to come out. Four of the officers then got into a squad car and turned it around across from the bar. They were now situated about 40 feet away on the same side of the street where I was standing.

The deputies got out of their car and pointed their guns at the cafe again. One of the officers in the front took out the tear gas rifle and fired three more shells into the cafe. The first shell missed and knocked off a piece of the wall of the cafe. The shell landed near some deputies and apparently gassed them because they moved rapidly away. The next two shells entered the doorway.

Let me say at this point that the door of the cafe was open throughout the entire incident.

It was only after the deputy fired his tear gas shells from across the street that the order was given over the loudspeaker for the people in the restaurant to come out. Nobody came out.

During the period that the officers were laying in wait for those in the restaurant to come out, people were yelling sarcastically at the deputies to go ahead and kill the people in the restaurant, after all they were only Mexicans. Apparently the deputies did not appreciate the yells of the people because they began to angrily order the people to "get the hell out of the area."

I did not know that Ruben had been killed until I heard on the TV that he was killed at the Silver Dollar Cafe.

Rest in peace, Ruben, and may the vengeance of the people seeking justice be vented against those that have cut short your life.

* * *

On Sept. 16, the anniversary of Mexico's independence, there is traditionally a march through Los Angeles. This year, a large contingent in the parade protested the killings and the police violence at the Chicano moratorium march. As 10,000 marched in the parade, 100, 000 lined the streets cheering. Conservative marshalls prevented the onlookers from joining in.

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"WHAT DO YOU WANT, THE DANCE OR LIBERATION?"
THE GAY SIEGE OF N.Y.U.

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS)--- *The gay community in New York confronted New York University in late September in what appears to be the opening of a long, hard siege involving issues of gay power, student power, and the relation of a university to the community in which it is located.*

NYU is to the gay community what Columbia is to Harlem. It is located in Greenwich Village, a major focus of gay life in New York City. Three blocks from NYU is the Stonewall bar, site of the June, 1969 riot that sparked the beginning of the gay liberation movement.

Gay people from the university and the community are demanding that NYU open up its facilities to gay people. The most immediate need of gay men and women everywhere is for non-oppressive, non-exploitative places in which to gather . NYU has such facilities but it refuses to allow gay people to use them.

* * *

During this past summer, the student governing board of NYU's Weinstein Residence granted the use of their sub-cellar to two gay organizations for a number of dances. When the administration found out about it, they freaked and told the groups that the dances were cancelled. The students had thought they had control of the facilities, but the administration told them there were limits.

At first the administrators were able to fall back on the fact that the organizations sponsoring the dances were not student groups, but when Gay Student Liberation of NYU offered to hold the dances under their auspices, the adminsitration showed its true face. NYU Vice Chancellor Harold Whiteman explained that NYU was unsure of the "validity of the life style" of homosexuals.

Administrators further explained that allowing gay dances on their campus might have an effect on "impressionable freshmen." They felt it would be best to submit the question to a panel of ministers and psychologists.

Confronted by this slap in the face, the gay community responded with a demonstration on August 28, when a dance had been scheduled and at first refsued. The administration, caught by surprise, fearing violence, opened the hall.

Gay Liberation soon found out that this retreat was only temporary. NYU was still reluctant to allow them to use NYU facilities for any purpose at all, and was thinking about revoking the student group's charter. On Sunday Sept. 20, GSL and members of the community moved into the subcellar of Weinstein Hall.

The students who lived in the hall quickly issued a statement of support. These were the "impressionable freshmen" (and women!) the deans were so concerned about. Their major concern now was student rights -- and they coincided with gay rights.

The occupation was long and grueling. The air-conditioner froze us. Most of the students were afraid to come down and meet us. But more than anything it was gay. It was different from other sit-ins. Long lines of gay people bunny-hopping to Powertothepeople chanting, dancing, stomping, high on the people, "cause there ain't enough pigs/ in the whole wide world/ to stop Gay Liberation/ from serving the people/POWER!"

We played charades. We played spin-the-bottle, all kinds of us together: transvestites, middle class people, blacks, whites, latinos, street people. A lot of barriers and fears were broken down. We were coming together.

On Thursday theAdminsitration told GSL that it could hold dances, but could not invite community people, non-students. We could not accept this. Class privileges cannot separate gay people. Why should you have to pay $2000 a year for an "education" to come to a dance?

The students in the hall thought we could get away with holding the dance and allowing the community to come in anyway. To sneak around, in other words. One woman asked, "What do you want: the dance or liberation?" LIBERATION!" we replied as one.

* * *

On Friday afternoon the Administration made its big move. The campus cops and an administration official camedown and chained the doors closed. In marched the Tactical Police Force --riot helmets and billy club s. They said, "You have ten seconds to leave." Hitting their clubs against their hands, they started counting. The twenty-nine people had no choice. Out-numbered and out-armed, they left.

But that night, we came back. Marching and chanting and singing, with the transvestites and sisters up front, the gay community demonstrated its demands on NYU. At one point, plainclothes pigs followed some straight pot-smokers into the crowd and dragged tgem out. The gays quickly surrounded them and tried to help. But the cops pulled their guns on us, hitting one sister with the butt of a revolver and threatening to shoot if the gays did not move back. One brother, trying to get the names of those arrested, was himself busted for "assault."

Finally the demonstration died down. NYU was not going to give in to one action. The transvestites and some others wanted to stay on the steps of Weinstein Hall but there were not enough people at this point to stand up against the police. So we went off to plan further action.

Saturday night saw more marching and leafletting. A list of demands was published in the name of the community -- that NYU provide community centers for gay people and others; open enrollment; open employment; child-care centers; that NYU cease the oppression of patients in NYU-run Bellevue Psychiatric Prison, and provide free abortion on demand through its medical facilities; that NYU cease teaching lies and myths about homosexuals; that gay history and culture be taught; that students be taught about gay oppression, and that all people associated with NYU be allowed to be freely gay.

A new organization called Street Transvestites for Gay Power was formed and put out its first leaf-

let, calling for the people to stand and fight: "You people run if you want to, but we're tired of running. We intend to fight for our rights until we get them."

On Sunday night a meeting was held to plan strategy in the continuing siege of NYU. Leafleting and education of the students will continue. The next major action will take place on October 5, during the day so that students can participate and also during the night so that workers and students at other schools can also take part.

The siege may be long and hard. But the Gay Revolution is a revolution of equal love, and AN ARMY OF LOVERS CANNOT LOSE.

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RAZA STRIKE ERUPTS IN YAKIMA VALLEY

El Grito del Norte/LIBERATION News Service

YAKIMA VALLEY, Wash.--(LNS) --

Campesinos in the Yakima Valley of Washinton state have risen with cries of "Huelga, Huelga, Huelga!" and "Viva la Raza, Viva la Causa," in the first mass farmworkers strike in history there.

There are more than 60,000 Chicanos in the western Washington valley. Most are campesinos (farmworkers), many of them originally from Texas. Already the strikers' grievance committee has won wage increases and recognition of the right to bargain as a union. 12 growers have signed contracts, including pay increases to $2 an hour -- in some cases retroactive to the beginning of summer. The huelguistas (strikers) are expected to join the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) headed by Cesar Chavez, now leading a big strike against lettuce growers.

The revolt of the Yakima campesinos happened sp quickly and spread so fast that nearly everyone was taken by surprise. "This valley is exploding," said Armando Mendoza lf the Western Washington Huelga Support Committee. "Its spreading all over the valley. The strike is beautiful, it's beautiful because it was so spontaneous. There was no organization at all -- it grew from the people completely. They're doing it by themselves."

The strike began with only 2 people on Sept. 4. Two young workers, Frank Salinas and Jose Gallegos, walked out of the fields at the Yakima Chief, the largest hops grower in the world (hops is used to make beer). The next day, three-fourths of the campesinos stayed out of the fields and the huelga was on. As one in the struggle said, "The people are moving so fast, the organizers are having to run to catch up with them."

However, they are not winning easy victories. Foremen were seen coming in and out of the fields with guns strapped to their waists as they strike began; picketers were hosed down at one of the ranches; and those in the valley report that "there haven't been any beatings or arrests, but there has been very heavy police intimidation."

In the first week of the strike, the growers got two high schools closed so the students could work in the fields to break the strike. "The response against that little trick was tremendous," Mendoza reported. "Embarrassed school officials called the schools back into session because of Chicano community pressure at higher levels."

Chicanos have mobilized to support the huelga in many parts of western Washington state. They know what life is like for the campesinos in the Yakima Valley -- the end point in what has been called "the migrant stream." It is a life of degradation and racism, of small children having to work in the fields instead of going to school, of miserable shacks and high prices at stores who exploit the poor even more.

But the end of all that is in sight. "We're going to win," said Mendoza, "so los chicanos pobres can walk with their heads high, with all the rights of any otro gringo. Our people have been waiting a long time. Viva la Huelga! Viva la Raza!

Contributions can be sent to Western Washington Support Committee, 4709 36th St N.E., Seattle, Washington, 98105.

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"SOME OF THE GUARDS DIED FOR US"

A HOSTAGE REPORTS

LIBERATION News Service

CYPRUS (LNS) -- Thirty-two released American hostages talked with a New York Times correspondent in Cyprus Sept. 27, and described their treatment by the Palestinian commandos. "They shared everything they had with us," said James Majer, the first officer of the hijacked aircraft. "They did everything they could for us," said Mr. Majer, a resident of Bermuda. "The guards insisted on going out under fire to get water for us," he added.

Most of the hostages were Jewish and some had dual American-Israeli citizenship, but there was no discrimination by the Arabs, said the passengers. Moreover the Sabbath was observed and sufficient food was available for those observing Kosher restrictions. "I made friends with them," said David Miller, an 18-year old from Brooklyn. "I became a little more sympathetic to their cause. They are human beings like anyone else."

Said 16-year-old Barbara Mensch who was returning from a summer living on a kibbutz in Israel, "They really had no intention of harming us. We had some very close calls [after the Jordanian shelling attacks began]. It was extremely frightening." Barbara added that she was more sympathetic now that "I've seen how they live in the refugee camps."

"We were put together in the safest place they had," said 19-year-old Mitchell Malzer from Florida. "It must have been. Every house was hit but ours."

more...more...

HOSTAGE STORY FINISHES ON PAGE 15!!!

[Note to editors: The following story is especially timely because of the current auto-workers strike, but also because it points out how the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment has worsened, not bettered, the condition of women workers. This interview can be run in conjunction with the article, elsewhere in the packet, on the Equal Rights Amendment.]

WOMEN AT DODGE MAIN SPEAK OUT: AN INTERVIEW

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: The following interview with white women workers at the Dodge plant in Detroit clearly shows how the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment on August 10, has given to the auto industry legal sanction for compulsory overtime, speed-up, & increased lay-offs, making worse the working conditions and the lives of workers -- women and men -- in the plants. The interview, which was conducted by RPM, a radical Detroit paper for white auto workers, also indicates how little faith the workers have in the UAW, their union.)

HOW ABOUT SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY WOMEN ARE TREATED AT DODGE MAIN?

First of all, just a little while back the government passed this law that you had to hire women and men. There have not been any women hired off the street in the last five or six months. They've been hired in from other Chrysler plants, that have been laid off -- you know, they have to take them. There have been no new hired women, yet there have been men hired every day.

Another thing -- and this I blame the union for -- the UAW. They were for that law, you know, that the companies can work you as many hours as they feel like. [The Equal Rights Amendment, passed Aug. 10.] And this used to be a good protection for women. Right now there are women in Plant Four working ten to twelve hours a day, six, seven days a week. And for a present they are given only eight hours work on Sunday.

They are working twelve hours almost every day, and then, when they go on sick leave, they are accused of pretending, they're harassed, and they have trouble getting their insurance checks. They give the checks to you for two or three weeks and then try to cut them down. And you know if you run yourself into the ground working those long hours, you're bound to be sick a longer time.

HOW MANY WOMEN WORK AT DODGE MAIN?

At least half. There are a lot of women, and a lot of them are ready for retirement. And they're being worked these ten, twelve hours -- this is in the sewing room. The bosses tell you "You're lucky enough to be in this building (Sewing room, Plant Four); you'd better work those hours or else you're going back to the line at your mother plant."

The same thing holds for the men. When they're working on repairs, if they refuse to work the overtime -- which is twelve hours, seven days a week, for months at a time -- the bosses say "All right then, you go back on the line." They are forced to work the overtime in order to stay in the department. And that department is, of course, easier than the line, so they stay. Overtime is definitely compelled where they claim that it's voluntary.

And just a few years back, I think it was just a year and a half or two years ago, we went to court and won this protection of 54 hours. But then Washington, D.C. just threw it out.

SO THERE'S NO PROTECTION?

They can make you work until you're falling down. And then, like I say, they can cut your insurance checks. They'll send you a letter that you've got to come back.

ARE THERE ANY SPECIAL WAYS THAT MANAGEMENT OR THE UNIONS DISCRIMINATE AGAINST WOMEN? DO THEY TRY AND BOSS YOU AROUND MORE, DO THEY TRY TO MAKE YOU DO HARDER JOBS?

They will put you on a job if you're a woman, and say, "You'd better do it or else." And of course there are a lot of women who are afraid, and they'll work themselves to the bone on a job that's really too hard for them. Because they are afraid, because there's always that threat of being taken off the job. And they'll tell you you're lucky that you're working. A lot of bosses resent having women. But our wages are the same as the men. Of course I'd like to go on electrical repairs but they won't let me, even though I have seniority. There are certain jobs you just can't cross over. Those jobs are for men only.

They'll tell you, you know, that some of the jobs are too heavy; "you know that you can't work the long hours that the men do..."

HOW DO WOMEN REACT TO THIS SITUATION?

Well, some of the women really are fighters. Some of them laugh and they won't do the job. They get away with it. But the woman who is conscientious about her work, she's being ridden, she's being worked right to the bone. The harder a worker you are, the more they're going to get out of you.

And another thing, some of the bosses are really pushers. I suppose they're the ones who are climbing to get higher up. The decent bosses always stay just foremen, they never climb to the top. There are decent bosses in the shop; they never get no place. But the pushers, if they put you in a job that someone else has had trouble doing, and you can do it because you're quick, they're going to find a way to add something to it. They won't let you be happy at a job.

COULD YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT SAFETY CONDITIONS, WORKING CONDITIONS AT DODGE MAIN?

Oh yeah! You work on the line and you might have two or three guns you work with and your hoses lay all over the ground. And they intertangle as you work with them. They could make the hoses so they came from the top; in some places they do. From the top where they don't hang on the floor and you can work on your job. You have them on the floor, people stumble and fall, many times you trip. There's a lot of grease.

In a lot of places, water drains off the car, we walk on a wet floor, sometimes it's very

slippery. Sometimes your job requires you to jump tracks and there's grease and oil on the tracks. You're working under such pressure and such speed that you don't have time to watch where you're stepping. You're hurrying and you're doing your job and sometimes the floor's buckled up a little bit. Like one girl one time sprained her ankle because the floor was buckled.

THE STORY YOU TOLD ABOUT THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T LIKE WORKING ON HER MACHINE...

This particular girl was working on a press. And production was quite high and beside that she had to go on to relieve others once in a while. She kept telling the boss that it was too much, that it was too hard for her, that she wanted to go back on the line or on a different job, and that she was afraid of this machine. They just don't listen, they just don't care.

And so she was working under this pressure, she was working at high speed. She was trying to get her production out, and the boss was even riding her. And somehow in the process she ran the machine through her hand. Of course they've given her a lot of trouble about it.

This was months ago. She's back at work now. Her hand, it's no good. It's all shriveled up. But they still put her on johs where they apply pressure; they're trying to make her so disgusted that she'll quit. But she's fighting back, she's not giving up and she'll win out in the end.

HOW HELPFUL IS THE UNION?

Not at all. The international fought us when we fought to get that 54-hour protection. The international fought us. So actually the international works in a big degree against us. They make that "30 and out" but that's really a big joke because they make us work 54 hours. We'll never make it to 30. Right now Plant Four is working ten to twelve hours a day, and we'll die on the job before we work 30 years.

And the men, the drivers, the people in repair -- and there's quite a few of them -- they're all working twelve hours a day.

AND THIS IS AT THE SAME TIME THAT THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER PEOPLE LAID OFF IN OTHER PARTS OF THE PLANT?

That's right. We are compelled to work the overtime while other people are laid off. But you see, it's cheaper for the company to pay us time and a half than it is to pay the other workers their insurance. They got it figured out where they come out money ahead. They don't care that they're running you into the ground. And the older you are the more they ride you -- and the same thing for the men. They won't ride the younger men as they will the men who are getting higher into seniority.

WHAT DOES THE UNION DO WHEN THERE'S A SAFETY QUESTION LIKE TOO MUCH GREASE ON THE FLOOR?

They write up a grievance! Then they argue about it. Sometimes they bring in a little saw dust and spill it on there. Or they'll clean it up and two days later it's the same thing. Like in my case the day that I got hurt on my job, I went downstairs and complained to Insurance, Labor Relations, and Safety. I complained to all three of them. About the condition. They came up, one came and watched for a while. And then of course I got hurt. I don't know if the job has been changed now or not. You make all of these complaints and it doesn't do any good. I went to First Aid after I got hurt on the job and they tried to make me go right back on the job. And so when I told the steward about it he said "Go on the job, and then ask to go First Aid again and go back down again." That is the thing, you have to become a chronic complainer. They don't believe you. The doctors in first aid --sometimes they're pretty decent -- but most of the time they'll try to make you think that it's all in your head, that you're pretending.

WHAT DO WORKERS DO AT DODGE MAIN TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST THESE KINDS OF CONDITIONS?

They complain to themselves. They complain in the men's room, they complain in the ladies' room. They complain on the line but they're afraid to do anything about it. They have that attitude, "You can't do anything." "What's the use, you can't fight it." They're conditioned into believing there's nothing they can do about it. They have to be convinced that something can be done about it. Their attitude is that you can't beat city hall. You CAN beat City Hall.

HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT BEATING CITY HALL?

I say that when the conditions are very unsafe, everybody should sit down and refuse to work.

One time they were going to send a man home for three days because it was just too much work for him and he missed a couple of jobs. And everybody was grumbling about it. "We should do something about it, we should do something about it." And when it got to me, I said, "OK, if fourteen other people walk behind me, I'll be the first to punch out. But I want fourteen other people to say they're going to go with me." All of a sudden there wasn't one.

I've seen a man cry at his job, I've seen a man falling over his job...with fatigue, well it was very hot and he has a nervous condition. And I've seen him fall over his car and shake his head, "I won't be able to make it," he'd say. Then we'd talk him into going to First Aid. Pretty soon he'd be back. One woman one time dizzied out, she actually went forward like on her job. She went to First Aid and they let her lay down for an hour. She had no fever so they sent her back on the job. The next day she went to her doctor and he discovered she had an ear infection and it ruined her equilibrium. But they had put her back on this job where if she had fallen, she would have fallen in front of a moving car.

HAVE WORKING CONDITIONS CHANGED MUCH?

Yes, when I was first hired up here, working conditions were quite decent. We had a stronger union then. That was when we were allowed to wildcat. Actually ever since, we haven't been allowed to wildcat -- the International done away with that, didn't they. Now it can be so hot and you're falling over from the heat and you don't dare to walk off your job. And they used to wildcat upstairs where it's really hot. But we've worked where it's been so hot that you didn't even think you could put one foot in front of the other. Despite the heat we had to work, where years before when

it got too hot, we walked out. And the company couldn't do anything to us.

WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY OLDER PEOPLE LOOK AT YOUNGER PEOPLE?

Older people, especially the women, have been brainwashed into believing that they've got to work so hard and put so much work out, that they're not entitled to anything. They call the younger workers "lazy." They say "Look I'm so old and if I can do the job, then you can do it." It's because the older people have been running for so many years. They don't do any different even if they know that they're going to run themselves into the ground. They'll complain about it but they'll still keep right on running. They still do the job until they get ill. A lot of them would like to quit, but they are counting the years they spent in the shop and they know if they quit now, their retirement would not carry them through. So they want to pull in those few more years, but they'll never make those few more years because they're running with their job.

TO MAKE THE PLANTS A DECENT PLACE TO WORK, WHAT KINDS OF THINGS WOULD HAVE TO BE DONE?

Workers should realize that the young people are right and they should talk to them -- they should organize together with the young people. I think in time we'll bring about better working conditions. [Ed. note: Dodge Main -- the plant where the women in this interview work -- is the seat of the Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement (DRUM), where Detroit's League of Revolutionary Black Workers was born in May of 1968. Since 1968 the League has mushroomed to include branches in many other Detroit plants and in the black community. But there is still no parallel organization for Detroit's white workers.]

IF YOU HAD THE PEOPLE TO WIN THE FIGHT, WHAT KINDS OF THINGS WOULD YOU CHANGE INSIDE THE PLANT TO MAKE THE WORK DECENT?

I'd cut down the number of operations that everybody does. When they start the line, if every person had a little less to do, they'd have time to do everything right. The company wouldn't have all the repairs they have now. Sometimes the person ahead of me will do something wrong, now when it comes to me I still have to do my job, so I cover up his wrong with my wrong. My job is harder because his mistake is going against my job.

Suppose it's coming down the line and someone puts a wrong tire on; the next person still has to put the hub cap on and the next person the bolt and so on all the way down the line. Then when they get it into the repair shop somebody has to remove all this to change that tire. That repairman has to put in an hour and a half of work to undo what five people got paid to do.

If I ran a line, I would run it so that each worker would have time to do the job right. That's what I would work the most on. If I ran a shop I would try and see that people got jobs they liked. Unless of course there was a job that everybody liked -- that one would go to top seniority.

If for instance a person said I would like to work with motors, I'd let him work with a motor. If another person said I don't want to work on the line, I'm afraid of a moving conveyor, I'd let her work off the line. I would place them where they're suited: if it would be a tall person, I'd put him on a job where you have to reach high. If it were a short person, I'd give him a job where you reach low. They'll make a short person reach way up high or sometimes they'll put a fat person where he has to do a job in a tight spot.

We'd place our people where we knew that they could do the job best. I'd work more to place people at something they could enjoy and I'd let them have time enough to do a job well. There wouldn't be all those repairs and I think that the company would save a lot of money. I really don't know why they don't do it. That's why those men in repair have to work twelve hours every day.

The cars that go down those lines, there's <u>not one</u> that goes down perfect.

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Story begins on page 12.....

CONTINUATION OF HOSTAGE STORY.....

"We had daily meals -- sodas, pita [round Arab bread] with butter and corned beef. They even gave us cigarettes," recalled David Miller.

William Shain, a pharmacist from Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn said, "Some of the Jews were very frightened that they might be singled out. But we were all treated alike. They took extra good care of the old rabbi. I think they thought he was a little eccentric and they brought him extra fruit."

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CONTINUATION OF RMBB, FROM PAGE 9.....

We in the New York chapter of the Committee of Returned Volunteers are opposed to participation in the conference ~~in~~ Cuba because the top-down planning and selection of the U.S. delegation seem to us a particularly striking example of those elitist procedures that characterize the movement as a whole, especially on the national level.

In forming the U.S. contingent to the meeting, the International Commitee -- a self-appointed group of people who had had contact with the Vietnamese in the past -- relied on its knowledge of movement groups and personalities and on the advice of personal contacts on the Left. Categories of organizations or constituencies were developed, such as "striking students," "brown," "radical media" or pacifist groups. In some cases a person from these groups was specified -- often one who had participated in Mobe or other external meetings and conferences. In other cases, organizations within the categories were invited and allowed to choose their own representative. About sixty delegates were to got, including five or six members of the planning committee.

The reasons for our refusal to endorse participation in the conferences are the following:

1. Trips and conferences that originate in elitist procedures merely extend, strengthen and

perpetuate top-down structures in the movement as a whole.

2. Top-down structures and practices limit and undermine the movement. Elitist structures preclude local initiative. They obstruct active participation and therefore destroy opportunities for raising political consciousness. When ideas and programs come from the top down, there are serious limitations on how far and effectively they will penetrate.

3. Elitist structures alienate people from the movement. Programs pushed by national elites often contradict and derail projects already underway locally. They tend to coopt local leaders; and by their nature cannot result in a democratic and egalitarian society.

Until organizations active on the local level create viable alternatives, we are convinced that the movement will continue to suffer from the pattern of elitist politics revealed in the planning for the Conference in Cuba and other similar incidents. One alternative to elitism is collective leadership.

From: LNS Graphics:

We promised a follow-up to the note on the inside front cover of packet #289 in which we said we were dropping individual credits for photos by LNS staffers. We added that photos by women on the staff will be credited to the Women's Graphics Collective/LNS so that people will be aware that women are doing photography and to encourage other women who may be intimidated by the vast army of male "heavy" photographers running around.

Please use this credit line in your papers. In our experience most movement events are heavily over-photographed by movement photographers (to say nothing of pig photographers) shoving each other out of the way to get the "best" picture so that they can have their name under it.

A lot of this is the result of the competitive way we're brought up, and the way we learn to define ourselves as "successes" or "failures." If we're not going to have straight careers and be "best" at them, at least we can have movement careers as movement photographers, some thinking goes. But if you don't do better than your comrades every time, maybe you shouldn't have a camera at all. So runs photographers' paranoia which is responsible for a lot of the competitiveness.

We hope that eliminiating credits will eliminate at least part of the problem by eliminating the "prize" for the best picture.

Another aspect of the problemis the definition of what is "best." Oftentimes this "best" means a photo of an important person at an event whether or not that person actually did anything important;

Photographers work to produce the "best" picture of this predefined leader and do not work at good pictures of other aspects of the event. Those other pictures are often more difficult to shoot. An example of this problem is the Philly constitutional convention. After it was over, two, three, many photographers offered us pictures of Huey raising his fist while reading the preamble.

Many LNS people who went to Philadelphia felt that the speech by Michael Tabor was more significant than Huey's speech, and that the workshops that were held at the convention were even more significant than that. So we decided to run pictures of the crowd people there and to hold a photo of Tabor until we run the transcript of his speech.

We felt that if we ran a photo of Huey that that picture would become the photographic definition of the Philadelphia convention. The pictures offered us were not good pictures graphically. They revealed nothing new about Huey. We would be running one only because it was expected. We feel that what Huey says and does is very important in our struggle but that importance should not be exaggerated. Such exaggeration of one person's importance discourages other people from struggling.

This doesn't mean that we won't publish pictures of important people, including future photos of Huey, but that we want to begin avoiding movement stereotypes and elitism in the way we cover things graphically.

We hope that this new policy doesn't increase the depersonalization of LNS; we think it's worth the risk. But we want to hear your reactions, comments, suggestions and criticisms about all this.

Love, Barbara, Howie, Cinda and Ann
LNS Graphics

P.S. We will still be crediting photos by people not on our staff, so that communications between you, them and us can be made simpler. For example if you want to getin touch with a photographer in order to get an original print, it would help to be aware of her or his name.

From: Indianapolis Free Press, Box 225, Indianapolis, Indiania 46206.

The above is our only correct address.

Regards to all,
Indianapolis Freep

Dear sisters and Brothers:

The RMBB can be a place for many things -- exchanges of information, addresses, advice, warnings, biting commentaries, whatever. We welcome the word from any LNS subscriber, as long (within reason) or as brief as necessary. We try to print everything we get that says on it "Please put this in the RMBB".

The dialogues and monologues in this packet's RMBB are longer than usual, but we think they're useful. We want them to continue and expand in spite of the extra work it takes to type them, to print them, and to read them.

Keep your own contributions coming, in whatever form you talk best in. The RMBB ought to be a way for us to begin dropping the pretensions of bourgeois journalism and begin writing like revolutionaries. END

KY IS FORCED TO KEEP OUT OF WASHINGTON

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON (LNS)--After a week of high-level U.S. administration arm-twisting, Nguyen Cao Ky finally decided September 26 that maybe after all it wasn't such a great idea to come to Washington for the "March for Victory" rally on October 3. The Vice President of South Vietnam announced his decision not to "Face the Nation" during the taping in Paris of that CBS TV show. This came just a few hours before he was supposed to meet Nixon's foreign policy advisor Henry Kissinger, who had been rushed to Paris to forcefully uninvite America's number one ally.

Officials in Congress and the administration had been freaking out ever since they heard of Ky's proposed visit to address the march, organized by right-wing minister Carl McIntire. Nixon split the country, and even Agnew was worried. Just a few weeks before, while he was being wined and dined by Ky in Saigon, Spiro had casually invited him to drop in any time, little suspecting that Ky would take him up on it. Agnew was embarrassed when Ky eagerly accepted McIntire's invitation to speak in Washington. And he was probably not flattered when McIntire said of Ky, the mass-murderer, the admirer of Hitler--"He is doing in that country [South Vietnam] what Agnew has been doing in this country." Agnew was forced to admit that a super hawk-talk from Ky at the Washington rally would serve "no useful prupose."

Why was the administration so frightened of Ky's presence in Washington?

For one thing they were afraid that the city would barely survive his visit. The Youth International Party had promised that 100,000 freaks would turn the Washington Monument where Ky was scheduled to speak into a "free-fire zone". The National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression (NCAWRR) vowed to march on the pro-war rally and "attempt to place Ky under citizens arrest for his war crimes, which include the genocide of his own people and the extortion of money for that purpose."

NCAWRR is a huge coalition which includes representatives from the National Welfare Rights Organization, the Chicano Moritorium, the National Student Association, GI organizations, the Women's Strike for Peace, Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation and many others. "We view the cancelation of Ky's visit as a victory for the American people," said William Douthard, a spokesman for the coalition.

The administration was also terrified that Ky, a media freak, would spill the beans on nationwide TV about what he thinks of the war, democracy and the US aims in Asia. He would shatter the illusions of that section of the American public which still swallows the Johnson-Nixon line that we are in Vietnam to uphold and preserve democratic rule.

Ky is upfront, if nothing else. He calls the 1967 Vietnam elections which made him Vice President a "mockery". "They were only useful to elect a regime which is wrong and corrupted and weak, and would fall immediately with a revolution," he adds.

Is the US the good guys, defending the underdog? Nope, says Ky: "Americans are not here for democracy or freedom; they are here to defend their interests."

What about justice and equality in tiny, beleaguered South Vietnam? "The laws we have protect the rich," says Ky. "Local capitalists, speculators, and middle-men have profited by the program [of US aid], thus creating a new class of profiteers who have contributed to an increase in social injustice and conflicts within the Vietnamese society....All the top men in the government are millionaires."

* * * *

The National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression has cancelled its call for people from all over the country to demonstrate in Washington on October 3. Certain groups, however, are being kept on alert in case Ky is sneaked into the country at the last minute.

The Yippies are holding a street party all along Wisconsin Avenue, the main drag of the Georgetown hip community to celebrate the people's victory in keeping Ky out of Washington. The party begins at 9 pm on Friday night, October 2, and might get heavy since YIP doesn't have a permit. If enough people get together for the life gathering, it might continue the next day at the "P St. Beach" near Dupont Circle. YIP says it will also bring people over to the "March for Victory" rally if Ky shows up.

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THREE OF THE NEW HAVEN NINE SOON TO BE FREE;
BOBBY SEALE AND ERICKA HUGGINS TO GO TO TRIAL

by Jan Von Flatern
LIBERATION News Service

NEW HAVEN (LNS)--Black Panthers Rose Smith, Peggy Hudgins, and George Edwards have spent the last 16 months in Connecticut jails. They have been held without bail because the charges against them were capital, and in Connecticut bail cannot be set for capital offenses. Now, after the trial of their fellow defendant, Lonnie McLucas, (who was acquitted of three of four counts in connection with the same incident), these three will soon be free.

State's Attorney Arnold Markle failed to provide enough evidence to convict Lonnie of conspiracy to kidnap, kidnapping resulting in death, and binding with criminal intent. Apparently, he has now realistically evaluated his chances of gaining conviction on Peggy, Rose, and George, because he has agreed to allow each of them to plead guilty to the much lighter charge of aggravated assault. This charge car-

ries a maximum penalty of five years and the chances are good that they will be back on the streets serving the people, within a week.

What all of this means for the entire New Haven Nine case is that Markle is so unsure of his case that he has chosen to allow three defendants to plead to a charge which can be of no use to him in his desperate efforts to convict Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale, rather than take them to trial and face another defeat.

There are now four Panthers left to be tried. They are Ericka Huggins, Landon Williams, Rory Hithe and Bobby Seale. Landon and Rory are in Colorado, still fighting extradition to Connecticut. Originally Ericka was to be tried with her sisters and it appeared that Bobby would be tried alone. Now, however, ERicka and Bobby will go to trial together. Their pre-trial motions begin September 29.

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Note to editors: See graphics on pages P-5 and P-6 to go with the Puerto Rican story.

FREE PUERTO RICO! FREE OURSELVES!
LATINS CONFER AT COLUMBIA TO CELEBRATE THE FIRST PUERTO RICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY

NEW YORK(LNS) --Shouts of "Free Puerto Rico--right now!" and "Que viva Puerto Rico libre!" shook the crammed auditorium at Columbia University and later echoed through the nearby streets of Harlem, East Harlem and the South Bronx, neighborhoods which many of Columbia's Black and Latin students grew up in and love. People hung out of their windows, raised fists, shouted "Right On!" and many joined the more than 1200 Latin sisters and brothers who were ending a two-day conference at Columbia by taking the struggle back to their people.

Students had come from high schools and colleges all over the country to the Columbia conference, which was coordinated by Iris Morales of the Young Lords Party (YLP) and Hilda Ordiz of the Puerto Rican Student Union (PRSU). They were celebrating El Grito de Lares, Puerto Rican Independence Day which commemorates the 102nd anniversary of independence from Spain on Sept. 23, 1868.

At 11 workshops, young people discussed guidelines for Liberate Puerto Rico Now Committees (PRNC). These committees will be information centers to educate people about the nature of US colonial oppression in Puerto Rico and in Puerto Rican communities in the US. As a result of the high school workshops alone, five Liberate Puerto Rico Committees emerged in New York and one in Milwaukee. LPRNC at schools where there are PRSU chapters will be directed by the PRSU and will work for student power as well as a free Puerto Rico.

One of the first jobs of the LPRNC will be to mobilize support for the mass demonstration at the UN on October 30, a demonstration expected to bring Latins and the white movement together in huge numbers behind the cry, "Free Puerto Rico now!" The committees will also work for bilingual programs in schools, Puerto Rican, Black and Third World studies programs, draft resistance, and in general all progressive people's movements. At the workplace, they will organize to fight for September 23--El Grito de Lares--to be a paid holiday for Puerto Ricans, and educate workers about US imperialism.

At a large women's workshop, sisters agreed that they had to work to combat their own oppression by relating to the women's liberation struggle, and that this was important in working for the liberation of Puerto Rico. (Over 50% of the army will be women.)

Other workshops dealt with political prisoners, Latin American history and Latin unity, revolutionary Puerto Rican history, media and education, the draft and the military, contemporary Puerto Rico, Third World unity, and Socialism.

Minister of Education of the YLP, Juan Gonzalez, gave a short political education class tracing the history of the Puerto Rican struggle, and he talked at length about sexism. He said that no brother can call himself a revolutionary if he is an oppressor: "If we don't kill male chauvinism, it will kill us."

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At the Plaza Borinquena in the South Bronx, a crowd of people waited eagerly for the arrival of the Young Lords and the PRSU. They listened to Latin music, browsed through literature and visited with each other. Then, finally, they heard distant shouts growing closer and they began to chant too. When the marchers arrived everybody was shouting, "Despierta Boricua, Defiende Lo Tuyo!" (Awaken Puerto Rican, Defend what is yours.) They sang La Borinquena, the national anthem, with clenched fists raised.

Poets and musicians performed and the people knew that this was their own culture: the Spanish language, Latin rhythms. They chanted, "Pa Vietnam yo no voy porque yanqui yo no soy." (To Vietnam I won't go because I'm not a Yankee.)

Among the speakers was Flavia Rivera of the Federacion Universitaria Pro Independencia (FUPI) in Puerto Rico. She told the crowd about how the revolutionary movement is emerging in Puerto Rico with new strength, about how the millions of draft records have been destroyed.

"No more crying--that's what imperialism wants," she said to a wildly enthusiastic crowd. "We're going to organize."

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ATROCITY QUOTES

"Man is the hunter, woman is his game.
Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she
Man with the head and woman with the heart
Man to command and woman to obey:
All else confusion."

--Tennyson

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[Note to Editors: The following is the first of two parts of Leila Khaled's story. Look for Part 2 in the next packet.]

LEILAH KHALED TELLS WHY SHE IS A COMMANDO

Leilah Will Be Freed

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Leila Khaled, now being held in England, and six other Palestinian commandos held in West Germany and Switzerland will be freed. The governments holding the guerrillas made this announcement Sept. 29, after six Americans, the last of the hundreds of hostages seized in the commando hijackings, were freed in Amman.

Leila has been held in England since her unsuccessful attempt to hijack an El Al 707 jet on Sept. 6. Her male companion was killed during the attempt.

Leila was in charge of another, successful hijacking in August, 1969, when she ripped off a TWA Boeing jet flying from Rome. She and her assistant blew up the plane in Damascus, Syria. Leila later gave the following full account of the hijacking to author and journalist G. H. Jansen, former editor of Middle East Forum.

* * *

Isn't it something awful that I could see my home town again only when I hijacked a plane? But there it was--Haifa--away on the left just past the pilot's head as I sat behind him looking out of the cockpit windows. As we came down to 12,000 feet for the approach to Lydda airport the whole lovely coast of my country, occupied Palestine, which some people call "Israel," came into sight.

It was a fine, clear day, but I had little time to enjoy the view because we were approaching the most exciting and dangerous point of our adventure. Although the pilot had so far done everything I told him, would he, somehow, land the plane at Lydda? Or would the Israelis be able to force us to land?

It had all begun two days earlier in Rome. This was my first visit to Europe and Rome is a wonderful city. I was very tired when I arrived and slept for ten hours solid.

Then the evening before the flight I walked through the city from the Borghese Gardens to the Fountain of Trevi. Of course, I threw the traditional coins in the fountain which means, I hope, that I'll see Rome again: but will the Italians let me in next time?

There was a woman singer in a cafe near the fountain and I just sat and listened for two hours. The only other things I did were to buy myself a bottle of French perfume and to confirm my booking for the flight next day to Athens at the TWA office.

I couldn't eat dinner that night and it was three in the morning before I could get to sleep and when I awoke I had no appetite for breakfast either. I was hungry, but I'm accustomed to hunger because of my commando training and also because, when I was young, there were times when there wasn't very much food at home.

In the morning--this was the 29th August--I had to do some shopping at a very chic shop on the Via Veneto. I bought some very big sunglasses, a leather shoulder bag and a large-brimmed hat which alone cost 15,000 lira. Wickedly expesnive I know, but this was all part of the uniform--I had to look like someone who usually travelled first-class.

Back at the hotel I got dressed. I'm not very interested in clothes but it seemed a waste of money to have things burnt when we blew up the plane after landing so I put as little as possible into my suitcase. I put two dresses in my handbag and wore two trouser suits, one on top of the other. The lower one, with psychedelic flowers, was borrowed and I wanted to return it; the top one was in very smart white cotton, sleeveless, and I wore sandals.

Because Flight 840 was late we had to wait an extra half hour in the lounge. I spotted the young man who was the other member of the "Che Guevara" commando unit. I didn't know him and had only seen his picture. Apart from a secret sign of recognition we took no notice of each other.

This extra wait was an anxious time and two other things upset me before we got on the plane. I noticed an American lady with four young children who seemed very happy and excited about their trip. I then realised, with a shock, that something dreadful could happen to them if anything went wrong. I love children and I wanted to tell the lady not to travel on this flight. But when I thought of some of our Palestinian children, who had nothing in life, I felt a bit stronger and braver.

The second incident was in the bus going out to the plane. A man sat next to me and asked me where I was from, and I let him believe I was from Bolivia. Then he told me that he was a Greek returning to Athens after spending 15 years in Chicago and that his widowed mother would be waiting at the airport.

This was another shock. I felt it particularly because we Palestinians know what it is to be away from one's country and I too had a widowed mother waiting for me at home. He went on talking but I didn't hear the rest of what he said.

My friend and I were in the first-class because that section is nearer the cockpit. But there were only five first-class passengers in all, so that the three cabin crew fussed over us a great deal, which was exactly what we did not want. Not long after take-off, the two of us seated ourselves in the front row nearest the cabin door. We both refused drinks before lunch -- I don't drink anyway -- and then we both refused lunch, because we didn't want to have trays on our laps hemming us in. But when the stewardess exclaimed at this, and so as not to be conspicuous, I ordered coffee and my friend a beer. He also asked for a pill to suggest that he was feeling ill.

We didn't get rid of the cabin crew that easily. Instead of lunch they brought us a huge trolley laden with fruits and cakes and, to our dismay, parked it in

front of us to help ourselves, completely blocking the way to the cabin door.

We had been ordered to take over the plane 30 minutes to an hour after take-off since the Rome-Athens flight takes only 90 minutes, and we were approaching the deadline. We didn't want to ask the hostesses to remove the trolley because that could have appeared suspicious, Finally, after what seemed an age, she took it away and another passenger, who had been using the lounge seat right next to the cabin door also moved away.

The way was clear and we could get into the cabin without having to frighten anyone -- that's the one thing we wanted to avoid: frightened people can do foolish things.

I asked for a blanket and the hostess tucked it in around me. My friend gave me a strange look, wondering whether I was becoming afraid. To reassure him I took out my toilet case and combed my hair. Then I looked at my watch and showed him five fingers signalling that in five minutes we would go into action--I was in charge of the operation. Underneath the blanket--and this was why I wanted it--I took a pistol out of my shoulder bag and tucked it into the top of my pants and then a grenade and took out the safety pin.

Just as everything was ready, one of the hostesses carrying a tray came out of the cabin door; it opened outwards and she held it open with her elbow. We took this chance. My friend, holding his pistol and grenade, brushed across the front of the hostess and through the door. When the hostess saw the weapons she screamed, "Oh no," and threw her tray down -- that was the only violence we had in the plane during the whole journey.

As we went towards to cockpit my friend called out, "Don't move. Now you have to listen to the orders of the new captain." While he was speaking he heard the captain saying into his radio: "Two armed men have come into the cabin. This is a hijacking."

My part in the actual takeover was to stand facing down the plane to control the passengers with my pistol and grenade. But when I stood up with the grenade in my hand and reached for my pistol, I felt the pistol slipping down my leg inside my trousers. I hadn't eaten for a day and the waist-band was loose.

It was such an anti-climax that I laughed. Instead of brandishing a pistol there was I bending over with my back to the passengers and fumbling for my weapon up the leg of my trousers, of two trousers actually. The captain swivelled round in his seat to see the new captain but all he could see of "him" was the top of a large, white, lady's hat.

Having retrieved the wretched pistol I put it into my pocket, never to take it out again--too scaring and too much like Hollywood.

You can't imagine the look of total astonishment on the face of the captain when I went into the cockpit and announced, "I'm the new captain. Poor man, what did he see?--me, in my sleeveless suit, floppy hat and sandals. "I'm the new captain," I said, "take this as a souvenir--it is the safety pin from this grenade" and held it under his nose. "It's a free hand grenade now. If you don't listen to my orders, I'll use it and the plane and everyone in it will be blown up."

"What do you want?" the pilot asked. "Proceed directly to Lydda airport." "To Lydda?" the co-pilot queried, "aren't we going to Athens?" "You understand English," I said to him.

We sat down in the two seats just behind the pilot. The grenade was in my left hand and it stayed there every minute until we landed. My friend put his away but he kept his pistol out.

I asked the captain to give me his wireless headset and he was so flustered that he tried to put it on over my hat. "Excuse my hat," I said and pushed it back. I had had a ribbon specially sewn on so that I could hang it round my neck: I very much wanted to save that hat, too.

I tried to raise Rome airport but there was no answer. I then turned to the flight engineer and asked, "How many fuel hours of flight do you have?" I knew the answer because I had read this off the fuel gauge. I was sure he would tell me a lie and he did: "Two hours," he said. "Liar. I know you have three and a half hours. It's there on the fuel gauge. Why did you lie to me? The next time I ask you anything and you lie to me, I'll break your neck."

"Why are you so angry?" the captain asked. "Because I don't like liars," I replied. I wasn't really angry. I wanted to scare them a little so that they would take orders. The flight engineer said not a word for the rest of the flight.

The time was now about 15.20 hours.

The dials and switches and lights in a plane's cockpit may seem bewildering but we had been thoroughly trained and I knew what the dials meant. I had a thorough knowledge of the Boeing 707.

Having put the crew in its place the next thing was to speak to the passengers on the intercom. Our message was this:

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your attention please. Kindly fasten your seatbelts.
This is your new Captain speaking.
The Che Guevara Commando Unit of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine which has taken over command of this TWA flight demands that all passengers on board should adhere to the following instructions:
1--Remain seated and keep calm.
2--For your own safety, place your hands behind your head.
3--Make no move which would endanger the lives of other passengers on the plane.
4--We will consider all your demands within the safe limits of our plan.

Ladies and Gentlemen, among you is a passenger responsible for the death and misery of a number of Palestinian men, women and children, on behalf of whom we are carrying out this

operation to bring this assassin before a revolutionary Palestinian court.

The rest of you will be honorable guests of the heroic Palestinian Arab people in a hospitable, friendly country. Everyone of you regardless of religion or nationality is guaranteed the freedom to go wherever he pleases as soon as the plane is safely landed.

Ladies and Gentlemen, our destination is a friendly country, and friendly people will receive you.

Thank you for your cooperation. We wish you a happy journey.

The person we were after was General Rabin (the former Israeli Chief of Staff) whom we knew had been booked on that flight. But he seemed to have changed plans at the last minute. I suppose prominent Israelis find it safer to travel on airlines other than El Al nowadays. Then I broadcast our message to the world:

The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine informs you that its Che Guevara Commando Unit is now in complete control of the Boeing plane belonging to Trans World Airlines, Flight No. 840, on its way from Rome to Lydda airport in the Occupied Palestinian Arab territory.

Captain Shadia Abu-Ghazali, who has taken over command of this plane, and her colleagues request all those concerned to use the following call sign in their communication with the aircraft: POPULAR FRONT--FREE ARAB PALESTINE. And let it be clear that unless the above-mentioned call sign is used in communicating with the plane, we will not care to respond.

Thank you.

Shadia Abu-Ghazali was my code name. The original Shadia was a girl resistance fighter in PFLP. She was killed in October, 1968, at the age of 21.

After this I handed over our new route map to the captain. We did not follow the usual air traffic lane over Athens and Nicosia. Instead we went straight down the Greek coast, then southeast over Heraklion in Crete and eastward to Lydda. Not a very interesting flight because it was almost all over the sea at 33,000 feet.

When the captain went on to the new course I noticed that he kept on turning to port so as to go south-westward. He may have been trying to take it up to the American Wheelus airbase near Tripoli in Libya. But I was watching the compass and ordered him back on course. After that I told him exactly when to turn and on to what bearing number on the compass.

After 15 minutes my friend reminded me that the passengers still had their hands above their heads. I looked into the cabin and so they did. I apologized for inconveniencing them and asked the hostess to serve them with whatever they wanted to eat and drink, champagne if they wanted it. Otherwise, throughout the flight we had no contact with the passengers or cabin crew.

We tried hard to get on to friendly terms with the three crew members but had no luck. We asked them if they wanted anything to eat or drink but they refused. We offered them our cigarettes but they refused those too. They didn't ask a single question about us. From time to time the captain would turn round, look at me and shake his head unbelievingly. The only human contact was when the co-pilot, like a child in school, asked if he could go to the toilet.

The pilot kept glancing at the grenade in my left hand, so finally to reassure him, I put my arm across his back and tapped him on the left shoulder with the grenade: "Listen I'm accustomed to this thing. Don't be afraid." A little later I scratched my head with the grenade to show him just how familiar with it I was, but I doubt whether he was reassured.

15.55 hours. Compass bearing 140 degrees.

There were long, uneventful periods during this eventful flight that were punctuated only by the messages I broadcast to the countries we flew past or over--Italy, Greece, the UAR, Lebanon and Syria. These messages explained what we had done and appealed for support "for the just struggle of the Palestinian people," and ended with the words, "Down with U.S. Imperialism and Zionism. We will win." The co-pilot looked at me angrily every time I mentioned America.

I also spoke, spontaneously, to the passengers over the intercom to explain our struggle. "We have hijacked this plane because we want to cut the roots that feed Israel. Don't go to Israel because there is resistance on land and en route: tell this to your friends. We want to go back to our country and we can live with the Jews because we lived with them before." We tried to explain things to the crew but they were an unreceptive audience.

16.10 hours. Compass bearing 112 degrees.

The exchange of messages I had with Cairo Airport, in Arabic, were amusing. They were flabbergasted when a woman's voice told them what had happened and where we were going. I first had to tell them that I wouldn't respond till they used our own call sign. Then, the breathless response came from Cairo something like this: "You Popular you Front you Free you Arab you Palestine! Why-are-you-going-to-Israel?" And I replied, "Yes, we are going to Israel, to liberate it!"

-30- (END, PART I)

((Look for further adventures of Leila Khaled in the next packet. Long live Leila!)

ATROCITY QUOTES

"Nature has determined woman's destiny through beauty, charm and sweetness....the position of women will surely be what it is: in youth an adored darling and in mature years a loved wife."

--Sigmund "The Infamous" Freud

"All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman."

--The Bible (a man-made wonder)

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THIEU-KY REPRESSION: SAIGON STUDENTS ASK FOR HELP

WASHINGTON(LNS)--At least 27 student government leaders, members of the U.S. National Student Association, began a ten-day hunger strike calling for an end to the "beatings, arrests and torturing" of South Vietnamese students in Saigon, and the use of American funds to support the South Vietnamese regime. The hunger strike will take place on campuses around the country and in Washington to call international attention to the plight of the Vietnamese students, who are now involved in an unlimited hunger strike in protest of government repression in Vietnam. Students in the Washington D.C. area will keep a 24-hour-a-day vigil in Lafayette Park across from the White House.

The current wave of repression against Vietnamese students began immediately after a recent visit of Vice President Agnew to South Vietnam. Members of the Saigon Student Union were viciously attacked by the South Vietnamese secret police and combat troops after holding a legal and peaceful assembly inside an auditorium. The attack resulted in mass teargassing and clubbing and the arrest of 117 people. Four of these students are still in prison, including Huyen Tam Mam, president of the Saigon Student Association.

The Saigon Association described the situation to the National Student Association in a Sept 21 telephone call:

"Mam and friends are in agony in jail and under torture. Students on unlimited hunger strike. May die. May immolate selves. Saigon student union continuously barricaded and repressed. Students being threatened with arrest. Need immediate action. Please make a general appeal in U.S."

The students were attacked after the fourth National Student Congress which united most of the students from all of South Vietnam's universities. The attack occurred because of student opposition to the compulsory military training program imposed on them by their government.

In a letter to friends around the world, the Saigon students' union wrote, "We the students, like most of our Vietnamese people, are convinced that the present military efforts are not leading Vietnam to any victory but to an ever-increasing destruction of all the Vietnamese generations.... [although] we have repeatedly expressed our wishes for an immediate end to this inhumane and futile war, the governmentstill goes on its own ways, with its military solution.

"The military training program at the universities is part of the process of militarizing all the Vietnamese people... to serve a military dictatorship... the August 30 repression is really carrying out Mr. Nguyen Van Thieu's orders of July 15, 1970, when he vowed to beat to death those calling for immediate peace. He said on that day 'Iam ready to smash all movements calling for peace at any price because I'm still much of a soldier. We will beat to death the people who are demanding immediate peace.'

"On the same day, national police Chief Brig. Gen Tran Van Hai told his police chiefs to use 'strong measures, including bayonets and bullets to smash all demonstrations' at any price."

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BUMBLING PROSECUTION WINDS UP CASE AGAINST "CONSPIRATORS" AT ISLA VISTA

ISLA VISTA, Calif. (LNS) -- The Isla Vista office of the Bank of America is now a fortress surrounded by barbed wire and illumined by garish floodlights at night. The new bank is a windowless, $425,000 concrete and steel building. The red-tile roof, which cost $16,000, is slanted so that firebombs would roll back on the throwers, officials say. And the glass in the front door will repel anything thrown at it.

Meanwhile, the Santa Barbara D.A. has just finished his rush-job prosecution of 11 Isla Vista activists indicted in revenge for the large-scale student revolt which resulted in the burned-out bank of America branch last May.

The prosecution's case, hurried so that the hundreds of students returning to the campus will miss the trial, turned out to be unabashedly sloppy. The Grand Jury indicted more than the 11 originally, but some got off before the trial because of their air-tight alibi: the night of the burning they were already officially registered as inmates of the Santa Barbara County Jail.

Witnesses who claim to haveseen the defendants at the scene of the fire were the mainstay of the prosecution's case, but one of them has already been discredited by his own son who testified for the defense that his father's eyesight was so bad he couldn't recognize his wife at the distance he was from the crowd.

Another witness, an ex-newsman from Ventura, confidently identified not only the defendants but several spectators in the courtroom. It was later proven that he wasn't even in town the night in question. His employer will testify that he was fired because of incompetence and inaccuracy as a news reporter.

But the local press has been clamouring for blood ever since thousands of students took to the streets of Santa Barbara, and the jury may not be influenced by the evidence.

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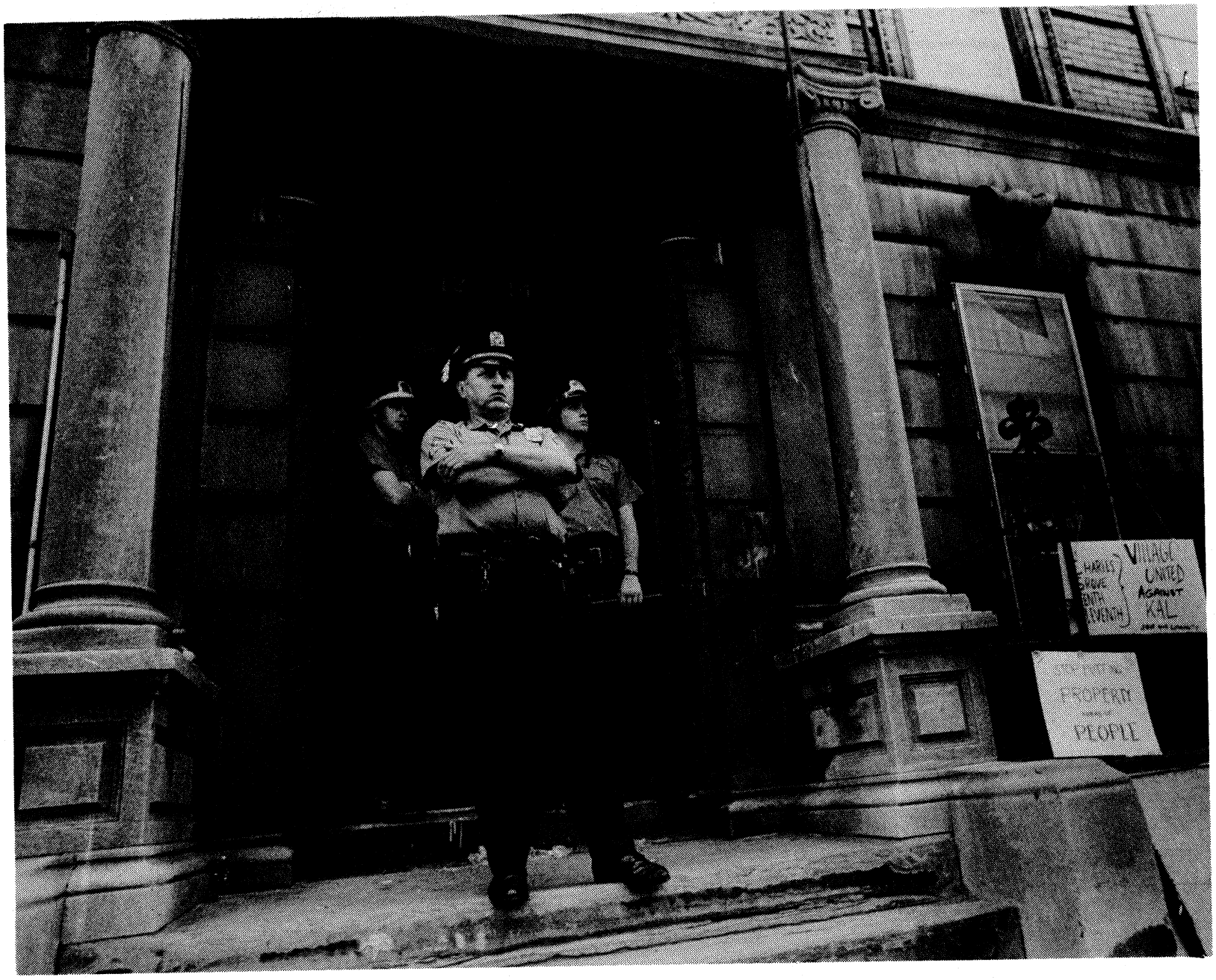
THIS IS THE FIRST OF THE NEW ONCE-A WEEK-PACKETS. THIS WILL GIVE US THE TIME (AND ENERGY) TO RESTRUCTURE LNS AND TO MAKE IT BETTER (IN THE END). WE'LL BE MAILING PACKETS EARLY THURSDAY MORNING. WATCH FOR A MORE DETAILED REPORT IN OUR NEXT BILLING LETTER ON RESTRUCTURING ACTIVITIES AND IDEAS. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

THE LNS COLLECTIVE

Lorain
SAVINGS
UTLET
PARKI

Photo from march of anti-war veterans. (story in LNS #289) In Flemington, N.J. a prisoner is taken, blindfolded, his hands tied behind his back. His crime, improper identification. Eventually he is taken behind a building and shot. According to the captors, "the gook tried to escape. Photo by Carolyn Mugar/LNS

Photo from the march of anti-war Vietnam veterans. Here, near a dairy farm in New Jersey American soldiers, white, black, and Spanish-speaking work together, not to plant a flag at Iwo Jima but to torture a prisoner to death. Photo by Carolyn Mugar/LNS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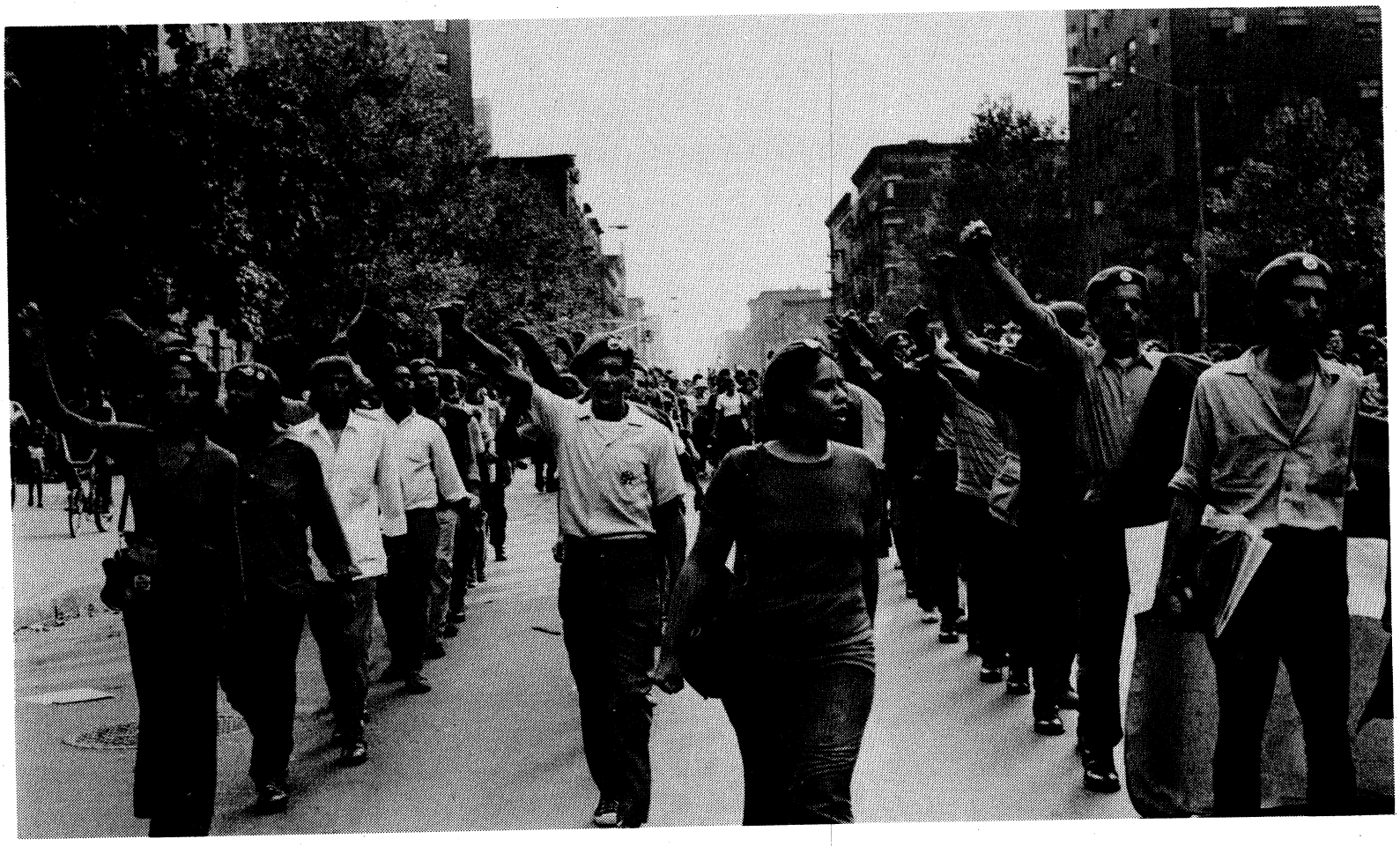

NYC

TOP: Pigs guard a building on Charles Street, after busting squatters. See story in last packet Credit: Women's Graphics Collective/LNS.

Wednesday, September 23,

BOTTOM: Young Lords lead a march up Madison Avenue in East Harlem, following a two-day Puerto Rican Student strike. The march began at Columbia University and ended in the South Bronx. See story in this packet. Credit: Women's Graphics Collective/LNS.

TOP: Flavia Rivera, ex-president of the Federacion Universitarios Pro Independencia (FUPI) at the University of Puerto Rico, addressing the rally in the South Bronx. See story in this packet. Credit Women's Graphics Collective/LNS.

Bottom: Iris Morales, one of the coordinators of the Puerto Rican Student Strike, marching to the rally in the Bronx. Credit Women's Graphics Collective/LNS.